4°

A Pleasant Comedie,

Called

WILY BEGVILDE.

The chiefe Actors are these:

A { *Poore Scholler.*
Rich foole,
and a
Knave at a shift.

LONDON,
Printed for THOMAS KNIGHT, and are to bee sold by EDWARD BLACKMORE, and FRANCIS COBLES.
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Gripe, an Uſurer.
Ploddall, a Farmer.
Sopher, a Scholler.
Churms, a Lawyer.
Robin-good-fellow.
Fortunatus, *Gripes* Sonne.
Lelia, *Gripes* Daughter.
Nurſe.

Peter Ploddall, *Ploddals* Sonne.
Pegge, *Nurſes* Daughter.
Will Cricket.
Mother Midnight.
An old man.
Silvanus.
Clarke.

SPECTRVM.

The Prologue.

WHat hoe, where are theſe paltry Players? ſtill poaring in their Papers, and never perfect? for ſhame come forth, your Audience ſtay ſo long, their eyes wax dimme with expectation.

Enter one of the Players.

How now my honeſt Rogue, what Play ſhall wee have here to night?

Play. Sir, you may looke upon the Title.

Prol. What *Spectrum* once againe? why noble *Cerberus*, nothing but Patch-pannell ſtuffe, old Gally-mawfries and Cotten-candle eloquence? Out you bawling Bandogge foxfurd ſlave, you dryed Stock-fiſh you, out of my ſight. *Exit the Player.*

Well, 'tis no matter: Ile ſit mee downe and ſee it, and for fault of a better, Ile ſupply the place of a ſcurvy Prologue.
Spectrum is a looking-glaſſe indeed,
Wherein a man a Hiſtory may read
Of baſe conceites, and damned roguery:
The very ſnake of hell-bred villany.

Enter a Juggler.

Jug. Why how now my humerous *George?* what as melancholly as a Mantletree?

Will you ſee any tricks of Legerdemaine, ſlight of hand, cleanly conveyance, or *Deceptio viſus?* what will you ſee Gentleman, to drive you out of theſe dumpes?

Prol. Out you Souſt-Gurnet, you Wooll-ſtit, be gone I ſay, and bid the Players diſpatch and come away quickly: and tell their fiery Poet, that before I have done with him, Ile make him doe penance upon a ſtage in a Calfes skin.

Jug. O Lord, ſir, yee are deceived in me, I am no tale carrier; I am a Juggler.

I have the ſuperficiall skill of all the ſeven liberall Sciences at my fingers end.

Ile ſhew a tricke of the twelves, and turne him over the thumbs with a trice.

Ile make him fly ſwifter than meditation.

Ile ſhew you as many toyes, as there bee minutes in a moneth, and as many tricks, as there bee motes in the ſunne.

Pro. Prethee what tricks canſt thou doe?

Jug. Marry Sir, I will ſhew you a tricke of cleanely conveyance.

Hey fortuna furim nunquam credo, with a caſt of cleane conveyance: come aloft *Jacke* for thy Maſters advantage (hee's gone I warrant ye, { *Spectrum* is conveyed away, and *Wily-begnilde* ſtands in the place of it.

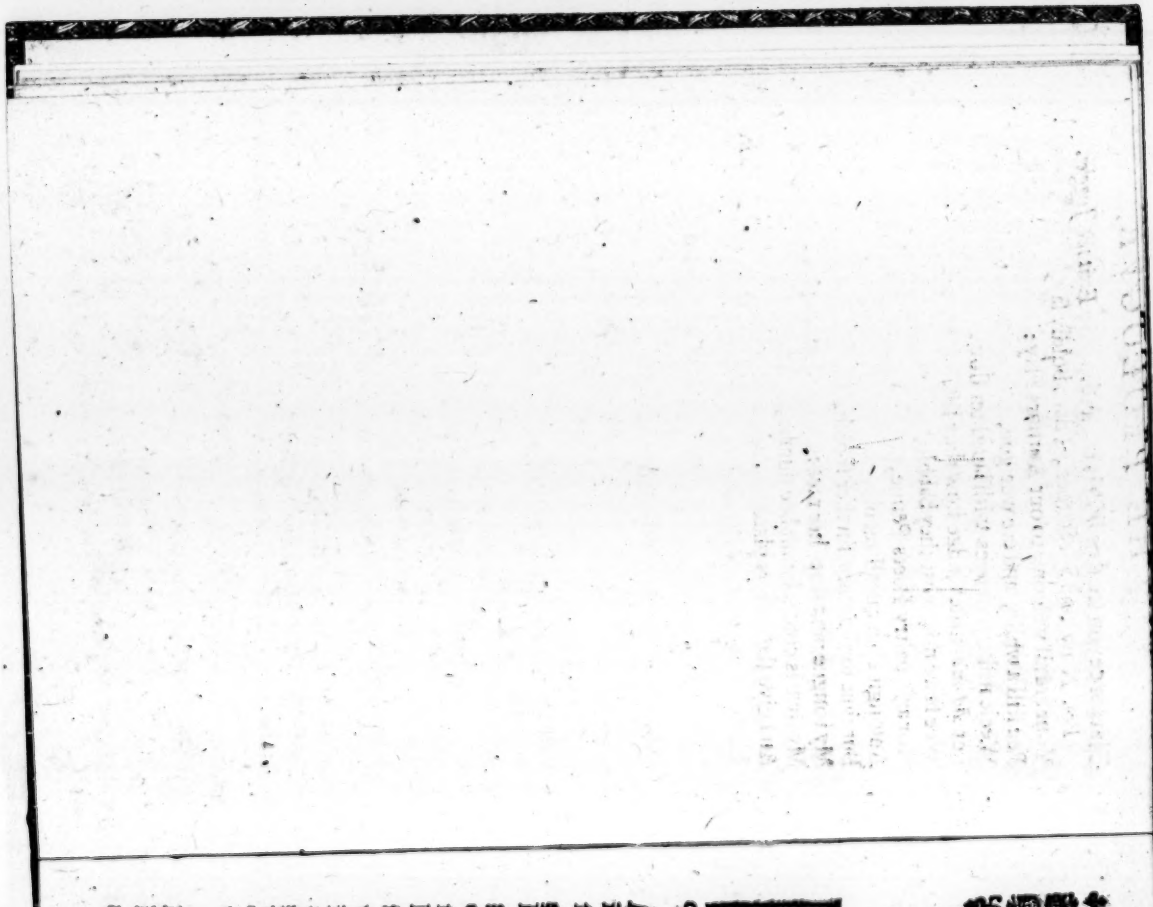
Pro. Mas and 'tis well done: now I ſee thou canſt doe ſomthing. Hold thee, there is Twelve pence for thy labour:
Goe to that Braine-froth Poet, and to him ſay,
Hee hath quite loſt the Title of his Play,
His Calfe-skin jeſts from hence are cleane exil'd,

Thus

Thus once you ſee that *Wily* is beguild. *Exit the Juggler.*

Pro. Now kind Spectators, I dare boldly ſay,
Your are all welcome to our Authors Play:
Bee ſtill a while, and ere wee goe,
Weele make your eyes with laughter flow.
Let *Momus* mates judge how they liſt,
Wee feare not what they babble,
Nor any paltry Poets Penne,
Amongſt that raſcall rabble,
But time forbids mee further ſpeech,
My tongue muſt ſtop her race:
My time is come, I muſt bee dumbe,
And give the Actors place. *Exit.*

WILY



WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Gripe ſolus.

A Heavie purſe makes a light heart: Oh the conſideration of this Pouch, this Pouch!

Why, he that has money, has hearts eaſe, and the world in a ſtring.

O this rich Chinke, and ſilver Coyne, it is the conſolation of the world.

I can ſit at home quietly in my chamber, and ſend out my Angels by Sea and by Land, and bid flye villaines, and fetch in terme in the hundred: I, and a better penny too. Let mee ſee, I have but two Children in all the world to beſtow my goods upon, *Fortunatus* my Sonne, and *Lelia* my Daughter: For my Sonne hee followes the Warres, and that which hee gets with ſwaggering, hee ſpends in ſwaggering: But Ile curb him, his allowance whilſt I live, ſhall bee ſmall, and ſo hee ſhall bee ſure not to ſpend much: and if I dye, I will leave him a portion, that (if hee bee a good husband and follow his fathers ſteps) ſhall maintaine him like a Gentleman: and if hee will not, let him follow his owne humor till hee bee weary of it, and ſo let him goe. Now for my Daughter, ſhee is my onely joy, and the ſtaffe of my age, and I have beſtowed good bringing up of her (barlady:) why ſhee is eene modeſty it ſelfe, it does mee good to looke on her. Now if I can harken out ſome wealthy marriage for her, I have my onely deſire.

Mas, and well remembred, heer's my neighbour *Ploddall* hard by, has but one onely ſonne and (let mee ſee) I take it, his Lands are better than fiue thouſand pounds, now if I can make a match betweene his ſonne and my daughter, and ſo

joyne

joyne his land and money together, O, 'twill be a blessed union. Well, Ile in, and get a Scrivener: Ile write to him about it presently. But stay, here comes Master *Churms* the Lawyer, Ile desire him to doe so much.

Enter Churms.

Churms. Good morrow M. *Gripe.*

Gripe. O good morrow M. *Churms.*
What say my two debtors, that I lent 120. pounds to?
Will they not pay use, and charges of suit?

Churms. Faith sir, I doubt they are bankrouts:
I would you had your principall.

Gripe. Nay, Ile have all, or Ile imprison their bodies.
But M. *Churms* there is a matter I would faine have you doe but you must be very secret.

Churms. O sir, feare not that, Ile warrant you.

Gripe. Why then this it is, My neighbour *Ploddall* hereby, you know is a man of very faire land, and hee has but one son, upon whom hee meanes to bestow all hee has: Now I would make a match betweene my daughter *Lelia* and him: what thinke you of it?

Churms. Mary I thinke 'twould bee a good match: but the young man has had very simple bringing up.

Gripe. Tush, what care I for that, so hee have lands and living enough? my daughter has bringing up, will serve them both. Now I would have you to write mee a Letter to Goodman *Ploddall* concerning this matter, and Ile please you for your paines.

Churms. Ile warrant you sir, Ile doe it artificially.

Gripe. Doe good M. *Churms:* but bee very secret. I have some businesse this morning, and therefore Ile leave you a while: and if you will come to dinner to mee anon, you shall bee very heartily welcome. *Exit Gripe.*

Churms. Thankes good sir, Ile trouble you.
Now 'twere a good jest, if I could coozen the old Churle of his daughter, and get the wench my selfe.
Sounds I am as proper a man as *Peter Ploddall:* and though his father bee as good a man as mine, yet farre fetcht and deare

deare bought is good for Ladies, and I am sure I have beene as farre as *Calis*, to fetch that I have.
I have beene at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Calis* a Souldier; and now in the Country a Lawyer, and the next degree shall bee a Conicatcher.
For Ile goe neere to coozen old father share-penny of his daughter: Ile cast about, Ile warrant him;
Ile goe dine with him; and write him his Letter:
And then Ile seeke out my kind companion *Robin Good-fellow*; and betwixt us, weele make her yeeld to any thing.
Weele ha the common Law oth one hand, and the civill Law oth tother:
Weele tosse *Lelia* like a tennis Ball. *Exit.*

Enter old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter, an old man Ploddals Tenant, and Will Cricket his sonne.

Ploddall. Ah Tennant, an ill husband (berlady:) a stranger at thy house, and never at home?
You know my minde: will you give ten shillings more rent?
I must discharge you else.

Old man. Alas Landlord, will you undoe mee? I sit of a great rent already, and am very poore.

Will Cr. Very poore? y'are a very Asse. Lord, how my stomacke wambles at the same word, very poore!
Father, if you love your sonne *William*, never name that same word very poore:
For Ile stand to it, that t's pettilassenie to name verie poore to a man that's oth top of his marriage.

Old man. Why sonne, art oth top of thy marriage? to whom I prethee?

Will. Marry to prettie *Pegge*, mistresse *Lelias* nurses daughter.
O, tis the dapreſt Wench that ever danc'd after a Taber and Pipe:
For she will so heele it, and toe it, and trip it;
O her buttocks will quake like a Custard.

P. Ploddall. Why *William*, when were you there?

Will. O, *Peter*, does your mouth water at that?
Truely I was never with her, but I know I ſhall ſpeed,
For tother day ſhe looke on me and laught, and that's a good ſigne (ye know:) and therefore old Silver-top, never talke of charging or diſcharging.

For I tell you I am my fathers heire: and if you diſcharge me, Ile diſcharge my peſtilence at you. For to let my houſe before my leaſe be out, is cut-throatery: and to ſcrape for more rent, is pole-pennery.

And ſo fire-you-well, good Grandfire Vſury: come father lets be gone. *Exeunt Will and his father.*

Ploddall. Well, Ile make the beggerly knaves to packe for this:
Ile have it every croſſe, income, and rent to. } *Enter chr.*
But ſtay, here comes one: O, 'tis M. *Churms.* } *with a let.*
I hope hee brings me ſome good newes.

M. *Churms.* Y'are well met, I am e'en almoſt ſtarv'd for money.
You muſt take ſome damnable courſe with my Tenants: theile not pay.

Churms. Faith Sir, they are growne to be captious knaves.
But Ile move them with a *Habeas Corpus*.

Ploddall. Doe good M. *Churms*, or uſe any other villanous courſe ſhall pleaſe you.
But what newes abroade?

Churms. Faith little newes: but heer's a Letter which M. *Gripe* deſired me to deliver you. And though it ſtands not with my reputation, to bee a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing how much it might concerne you, I thought it better ſomething to abaſe my ſelfe, than you ſhould be any wayes hindered.

Ploddall. Thanks good ſir, and Ile in and read it.
Exeunt Ploddall and his ſon. *Manet Churms.*

Churms. Thus men of reach muſt looke to live,
I cry content, and murder where I kiſſe.

Gripe

Gripe takes me for his faithfull friend,
Imparts to me the secrets of his heart;
And *Ploddall* thinks I am as true a friend,
To every enterprise he takes in hand,
As ever breath'd under the cope of heaven:
But damne me if they finde it so.
All this makes for my avayle,
Ile ha the wench my selfe, or else my wits shall faile. *Exit.*

Enter Lelia and Nurse gathering of flowers.

Lelia. See how the earth (this fragrant Spring) is clad,
And mantled round in sweet Nymph *Floraes* robes:
Here growes th'alluring Rose,
Sweet Marigolds, and the lovely Hyacinth:
Come *Nurse*, gather:
A crowne of Roses shall adorne my head,
Ile pranke my selfe with flowers of the Prime,
And thus Ile spend away my Primerose time.

Nurse. Rusty, rusty; are you so frolike?
O that you knew as much as I doe, 'twould coole you.

Lelia. Why, what know'st thou *Nurse?* prethee tell mee.

Nurse. Heavy newes yfaith Mistresse,
You must bee matc'd and marryed to a husband: ha, ha, ha, ha, a husband yfaith.

Lelia. A husband, *Nurse?* why that's good newes, if hee bee a good one.

Nurse. A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha; why woman, I heard your father say, that he would marry you to *Peter Ploddall*, that Puckfist, that Snudge snout, that Cole-carrierly Clowne. Lord, 'twould be as good as meat and drinke to me, to see how the foole would woo you.

Lelia. No, no, my father did but jest: thinkest thou that I can stoope so low to take a Browne-bread-crust, and wed a Clowne that's brought up at Cart?

Nurse. Cart, quotha? I, heele cart you; for hee cannot tell how to court you.

Lelia. Ah *Nurse*, sweet *Sophos* is the man,

Whose love is lockt in *Lelias* tender breſt,
This heart hath vow'd, (if heavens doe not denie,)
My love with his intoomb'd in earth ſhall lye.

Nurſe. Peace miſtriſſe, ſtand aſide, here comes ſome body.

Enter Sophos.

Sophos. Optatis non eſt ſpes ulla potiri.
Yet *Phœbus* ſend downe thy tralucent beames,
Behold the earth that mournes in ſad attire,
The flowers at *Sophos* preſence gins to droope,
Whoſe trickling teares for *Lelias* loſſe,
Do turne the Plaines into a ſtanding poole:
Sweet *Cinthia* ſmile, cheere up thy drooping Flowers,
Let *Sophos* once more ſee a Sunne-ſhine day,
O let the ſacred center of my heart,
I meane faire *Lelia* Natures faireſt worke,
Be once againe the object to mine eyes.
O but I wiſh in vaine, whilſt her I wiſh to ſee,
Her Father he obſcures her from my ſighe,
He pleades my want of wealth,
And ſayes, it is a barre in *Venus* Court.
How hath fond Fortune by her fatall doome,
Predeſtin'd me to live in hapleſſe hopes,
Still turning falſe, her fickle wavering wheele;
And Loves faire goddeſſe, with her *Cyprian* cup,
Inchanteth ſo fond *Cupids* poiſoned darts;
That love the onely Loadſtar of my life,
Doth draw my thoughts into a labyrinth:
But ſtay,
What doe I ſee, what doe mine eyes behold?
(O happy ſighe) it is faire *Lelias* face.
Haile, heavens bright nymph, the period of my griefe,
Sole guidreſſe of my thoughts, and author of my joy.

Lelia. Sweet *Sophos*, welcome to *Lelia*,
Faire *Dido Carthaginians* beautious Queene,
Not halfe ſo joyfull was, when as the *Trojan* Prince
Eneas, landed on the ſandy ſhores

Of

Of *Carthage* confines, as thy *Lelia* is,
To see her *Sophos* here arriv'd by chance.

Sophos. And blest be chance that hath conducted mee,
unto the place where I might see my deare,
As deare to me, as is the deerest life.

Nurse. Sir, you may see that Fortune is your friend.

Sophos. Yes, Fortune favours fooles.

Nurse. By that conclusion you should not be wise.

Lelia. Foule Fortune sometime smiles on Vertue faire.

Sophos. Tis then to shew her mutabilitie:
But since amidst ten thousand frowning threats
Of fickle Fortunes thrice unconstant wheele,
She daines to shew one litle pleasing smile,
Let's doe our best false Fortune to beguile,
And take advantage of her ever-changing moods.
See, see, how *Tellus* spangled mantle smiles,
And Birds doe chant their rurall sugred notes,
As ravisht with our meetings sweet delights.
Since then there fits for love, both time and place,
Let love and liking, hand in hand imbrace.

Nurse. Sir, the next way to winne her, is to linger her leysure.
I measure my mistris by my lovely selfe, make a promise to a man, and keepe it: I have but one fault, I ne'r made promise in my life, but I sticke to it tooth and naile: Ile pay it home yfaith.
If I promise my love a kisse, Ile give him two: marry at first I will make nice, and cry fie, fie; and that will make him come againe and againe.
Ile make him breake his winde with come againes.

Sophos. But what saies *Lelia* to her *Sophos* love?

Lelia. Ah *Sophos*, that fond blind Boy,
That wrings these passions from my *Sophos* heart,
Hath likewise wounded *Lelia* with his dart,
And force percorce, I yeeld the fortresse up:
Heere *Sophos* take thy *Lelias* hand,
And with this hand, a loyall heart.

High *Ioue* that ruleth Heavens bright Canopy,
Grant to our love a wisht felicity.

Sophos. As joyes the weary Pilgrime by the way,
When *Phebus* waves unto the Westerne deepe,
To summon him to his desired rest:
Or as the poore distressed Mariner,
Long tost by shipwrack on the foaming waves,
At length beholds the long wisht Haven,
Although from farre, his heart doth dance for joy:
So loves consent at length my minde hath eas'd,
My troubled thoughts by sweet content are pleas'd.

Lelia. My father recks no Vertue,
But vowes to wed me to a man of wealth,
And sweares his Gold shall counterpoyse his worth:
But *Lelia* scornes prond *Mammons* golden mines,
And better likes of learnings sacred lore,
Then of fond fortunes glistring mockeries:
But *Sophos*, try thy wits and use thy utmost skill,
To please my father, and compasse his good will.

So. To what faire *Lelias* will's, doth *Sophos* yeeld content,
Yet that's the troublous gulfe my silly ship must passe:
But were that venture harder to atchive
Then that of *Iasons* for the golden Fleece,
I would effect it for sweet *Lelias* sake,
Or leave my selfe as witnesse of my thoughts.

Nurse. How say you by that, Mistresse? heele doe any thing for your sake.

Lelia. Thanks gentle Love,
But lest my father should suspect,
Whose jealous head with more then *Argus* eyes,
Doth measure every gesture that I use:
Ile in, and leave you here alone,
Adieu, sweet friend, untill wee meet againe:
Come *Nurse* follow me. *Exeunt Nurse and Lelia.*

Sophos. Farewell, my Love, faire fortune be thy guide.
Now *Sophos*, now bethinke thy selfe (knot.
How thou maist winne her fathers will to knit this happy

Alas,

Alas, thy ſtate is poore, thy friends are few,
And feare forbids to tell thy fates to friend;
Well, Ile try my fortunes;
And finde out ſome convenient time,
When as her fathers leiſure beſt ſhall ſerve
To conferre with him about faire *Lelias* love. *Exit Sophos.*

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, Churms, and Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, and Maſter *Churms*,
Y'are welcome to my houſe:
What newes in the Country, Neighbour? you are a good Huſband, you have done ſowing Barley, I am ſure.

Ploddall. Yes ſir (and't pleaſe you) a fortnight ſince.

Gripe. M. *Churms*, what ſay my debtors? can you get any money of them yet?

Churms. Not yet ſir, I doubt they are ſcarce able to pay: You muſt e'en forbeare them a while, they'le exclaime on you elſe.

Gripe. Let them exclaime and hang, and ſtarve, and begge: let me ha my money.

Ploddall. Heer's this good-fellow too, Maſter *Churms*, I muſt e'en put him and his father over into your hands, they'le pay me no rent.

Will. Cric. This good-fellow quotha? I ſcorne that baſe, broking, brabling, brawling, baſtardly, bottlenos'd, beetlebrow'd, beane-bellied name.
Why, *Robin Good-fellow* is this ſame cogging, petifogging, crackropes, calves-skins companion.
Put me and my father over to him? old Silver-top, and you had not put me before my father, I would ha ——— ———

Ploddall. What wouldeſt ha done?

Will. I would have had a ſnatch at you, that I would.

Churms. What art a Dogge?

Wil. No, if I had beene a Dogge, I would ha ſnapt off your noſe ere this, and ſo have coozend the Divell of a mary-bone.

Gripe. Come, come, let me end this controversie,
Prethee goe thy wayes in, and bid the boy bring in a cup of Sacke heere for my friends.

Will. Would you have a sacke sir?

Gripe. Away foole, a cup of Sacke to drinke.

Will. O, I had thought you would have had a sacke to have put this law cracking cogfoyst in, in stead of a paire of stockes.

Gripe. Away foole, get thee in, I say.

Will. Into the butterie you meane?

Gripe. I prethee doe.

Will. Ile make your hogshead of Sacke rue that word.

Exit Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, I sent a letter to you by Master *Churmes*, how like you of the motion?

Ploddall. Marry I like well of the motion: my sonne I tell you is ev'n all the stay I have: and all my care is to have him take one that hath something, for as the world goes now, if they have nothing, they may goe begge.
But I doubt hee's too simple for your Daughter: for I have brought him up hardly, with browne bread, fatt Bacon, Puddings, and Souce, and (barlady) wee thinke it good fare too.

Gripe. Tushman, I care not for that, you ha no more children: youl make him your heyre, and give him your lands, will you not?

Ploddall. Yes hee's ev'n all I have, I have no body else to bestow it upon.

Gripe. You say well.

Enter Will Cricket, and a Boy, with wine and a Napin

Will. Nay heer you, drinke before you bargaine.

Gri. Mas tis a good motion. Boy, fill some wine. { *He fills them wine, and gives them the napkin.*
Heer neighbour, and M. *Churmes*, I drinke to you.

Both. Wee thanke you Sir.

Will.

Will. Lawyer wipe cleane: doe you remember?

Churms. Remember, why?

Will. Since you know when?

Churms. Since when?

Will. Why, since you were bumbasted, that your lubberly legges would not carry your lobcocke body;
When you have made an infusion of your stinking excrements, in your stalking implements:
O you were plaguy fraid, and fouly raide.

Gripe. Preethee peace *Will.* Neighbour *Ploddall:* what say you to this match: shall it goe foreward?

Ploddall. Sir that must be as our children like,
For my sonne, I thinke I can rule him:
Marry, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot hee's very simple.

Gripe. My daughter's mine to command, have I not brought her up to this?
She shall have him: Ile rule the rost for that,
Ile give her pounds and crownes, gold and silver:
Ile weigh her downe in pure angell gold,
Say man is't a match?

Ploddall. Faith I agree.

Churms. But sir, if you give your daughter so large a Dowry, you'le have some part of his land conveyed to her by Ioynture.

Gripe. Yes marry, that I will:
And wee'le desire your helpe for conveyance.

Ploddall. I good Master *Churms*, and you shall be very well contented for your paines.

Will. I marry that's it he lookt for all this while.

Churms. Sir, I will doe the best I can.

Will. But Landlord, I can tell you newes yfaith:
There is one *Sophos*, a brave Gentleman, hee'le wipe your sonne *Peters* nose of Mistris *Lelia:* I can tell you he loves her well.

Gripe. Nay, I trow.

Will. Yes I know, for I am sure I saw them close toge-

ther at Poope-nody, in her Closet.

Gripe. But I am sure shee loves him not.

Will. Nay, I dare take it on my death she loves him: For he's a Scholler: and ware Schollers, they have trick's for love yfaith; for with a little Logicke, and *Pisome colloquium*, they'le make a wench doe any thing.

Land-lord; pray ye bee not angry with me, for speaking my conscience.

In good faith your sonne *Peter's* a very Clowne to him: Why he's as fine a man as a wench can see in a Summers day.

Gripe. Well, that shall not serue his turne, Ile crosse him I warrant ye.

I am glad I know it; I have suspected it a great while.

Sophos? Why what's *Sophos?* a base fellow.

Indeed he has a good wit, and can speake well,

He's a scholler forsooth: one that has more wit then money;

And I like not that: he may begge for all that.

Schollers? Why, what are schollers without money?

Ploddall. Faith eene like Puddings without suet.

Gripe. Come Neighbour, send your sonne to my house,

For he shall be welcome to me:

And my daughter shall entertaine him kindly.

What? I can, and will rule *Lelia*.

Come, let's in, Ile discharge *Sophos* from my house presently.

Exeunt Gripe, and Ploddall, and Chorus.

Will. A horne plague of this money,

For it causeth many Hornes to bud:

And for money many men are horn'd,

For when Maides are forc'd to love where they like not,

It makes them lye where they should not.

Ile be hang'd if ere mistris *Lelia* will ha *Peter Ploddall*,

I sweare by this button-cap, (doe you marke?)

And by the round, sound, and profound contents (doe you understand?)

Of this costly Cod-peece, (being a good proper man as ye see) that I could get her as soone as he, my selfe.

And

And if I had not a months minde in another place,
I would have a fling at her, that's flat:
But I muſt ſet a good Holiday face on't,
And goe a wooing to pretty *Pegge*: well, Ile to her yfaith,
While 'tis in my mind: But ſtay, Ile ſee how I can woo before
I goe: they ſay, uſe makes perfectneſſe:
Looke ye now, ſuppoſe this were *Pegge*,
Now I ſet my cap o'th to ſide, on this faſhion, (doe ye ſee?)
then ſay I,
Sweet, hony, ſugger candy *Pegge*,
Whoſe face more faire then Brocke my fathers Cow,
Whoſe eyes doe ſhine like Bacon-rine,
Whoſe lips are blue, of azure hue,
Whoſe crooket noſe, downe to her chin doth bow.
For you know I muſt begin to commend her beauty,
And then I will tell her plainely, that I am in love with her
over my high ſhooes, and then I will tell her, that I doe no-
thing of nights but ſleepe and thinke on her, and ſpecially
of mornings:
And that does make my ſtomacke ſo riſe, that Ile beſworne, I
can turne me three or foure bowles of Porredge over in a
morning ore breakefaſt.

Enter Robin-Good-fellow.

Robin-good-fellow. How now ſirra, what make you here with all that timber in your necke?

Will. Timber? Sounds, I thinke he be a witch,
How knew he this were timber?
Mas Ile ſpeake him faire, and get out on's company: for I am afraid on him.

Robin. Speake man, what art afraid? what makeſt here?

Will. A poore fellow Sir, I ha been drinking two or three pots of Ale at an Ale-houſe, and ha loſt my way ſir.

Robin. O, nay, then I ſee thou art a good fellow,
Seeſt thou not Maſter *Churms* the Lawyer to day?

Will. No ſir, would you ſpeake with him?

Robin. I marry would I.

Will. If I see him, Ile tell him you would speake with him.

Robin. Nay, prethee stay, who wilt thou tell him would speake with him?

Will. Marry you sir.

Robin. I, who am I?

Will. Faith sir, I know not.

Robin. If thou seest him, tell him *Robin-good-fellow* would speake with him.

Will. O, I will sir. *Exit Will Cric.*

Robin. Mas the fellow was afraid:
I play the Bugbeare whereso'r I come,
And make them all afraid:
But heere comes Master *Charms.*

Enter Charms.

Charms. Fellow *Robin*, God save you, I have beene seeking for you in every Ale-house in the Towne.

Robin. What, Master *Charms?* What's the best newes abroad? tis long since I saw you.

Charms. Faith little newes: but yet I am glad I have met with you.
I have a matter to impart to you, wherein you may stand me in some stead, and make a good benefit to your selfe: if we can deale cunningly, 'twill be worth a double fee to you, (by the Lord.)

Robin. A double fee? speake man what ist?
If it be to betray mine owne father, Ile doo't for halfe a fee:
And for cunning, let me alone.

Charms. Why then this it is.
Heere is Master *Gripe* hard by, a Clyent of mine, a man of mighty wealth, who has but one daughter; her Dowry is her weight in Gold.
Now sir, this old penny father, would marry her to one *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddals* sonne and heire:
Whom though his father meanes to leave very rich,
Yet he's a very idiot, and browne-bread Clowne:

And

And one, I know, the wench does deadly hate;
And though their friends have given their full consent,
And both agreed on this unequall match,
Yet I know, *Lelia* will never marry him:
But there's another rivall in her love, one *Sophos*,
And he's a Scholler.
One whom I thinke faire *Lelia* dearely loves,
But her father hates him as he hates a Toad;
For he's in want, and *Gripe* gapes after Gold,
And still relies upon the old said law,
Si nihil attuleris, &c.

Robin. And wherein can I doe you any good in this?

Chorus. Marry, thus sir.
I am of late growne passing familiar with M. *Gripe*:
And for *Ploddall* hee takes me for his second selfe:
Now sir, Ile fit my selfe to the old crummy Churles humours, and make them beleeve Ile perswade *Lelia* to marry *Peter Ploddall*, and so get free accesse to the wench at my pleasure:

Now o'th other side, Ile fall in with the Scholler, and him Ile handle cunningly too;

Ile tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted me with her love of him:
And for because her father much suspects the same,
He mewes her up as men doe mew their Hawkes,
And so restraines her from her *Sophos* sight:
Ile say, because she doth repose more trust
Of secrecy in mee, than in another man,
In courtesie she hath requested me,
To doe her kindest greeting to her Love.

Robin. An excellent device, yfaith.

Chorus. I sir, and by this meanes, Ile make a very gull of my fine *Diogenes*.
I shall know his secrets even from the very bottome of his heart.
Nay more sir, you shall see mee deale so cunningly, that hee shall make me an instrument to compasse his desire;

When God knowes I meane nothing leſſe.
Qui diſſimulare neſcit, neſcit viuere.
Robin. Why this will bee ſport alone:
But what would you haue me doe in this action?
Churms. Marry as I play with to hand, play you with tother.
Fall you aboord with *Peter Ploddall*,
Make him beleeue youle worke miracles,
And that you haue a powder will make *Lelia* loue him;
Nay, what will he not beleeue, and take all that comes? (you know my minde,)
And ſo weele make a gull of the one, and a Gooſe of the other.
And if we can inuent any deuiſe, to bring the Scholler in diſgrace with her: I doe not doubt, but with your helpe to creepe betweene the barke and the tree, and get *Lelia* my ſelfe.
Robin. Tuſh man, I haue a device in my head already to doe that;
But they ſay her brother *Fortunatus* loues him dearely.
Churms. Tut, he's out of the Countrey.
He followes the drumme and the flagge.
He may chance to be kild with a double Cannon before he comes home againe:
But what's your device?
Robin. Marry Ile doe this;
Ile frame an inditement againſt *Sophos*, in manner and forme of a Rape, and the next Law day you ſhall preferre it; that ſo *Lelia* may loath him,
Her father ſtill deadly hate him,
And the young Gallant her brother vtterly forſake him.
Churms. But how ſhall we proue it?
Robin. Sounds, weele hire ſome Strumpet or other to be ſworne againſt him.
Churms. Now (by the ſubſtance of my ſoule) tis an excellent deuiſe.
Well, lets in, Ile firſt try my cunning, otherwiſe, and if all faile
Weele try this concluſion. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mother-Midnight, Nurſe and Pegge.

Mother Mid. Yfaith *Marget*, you muſt eene take your daughter *Pegge* home againe;
For ſheele not be rul'd by me.

Nurſe. Why *Mother?* What will ſhe not doe?

Mother Mid. Faith ſhe neither did, nor does, nor will doe any thing:
Send her to th' Market with Egges; ſheele ſell them, and ſpend the money:
Send her to make a Pudding, ſheele put in no ſuet:
Sheele run out at nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peepe:
Bid her come to bed, ſheele come when ſhe liſt:
Ah, 'tis a naſty ſhame to ſee her bringing up.

Nurſe. Out you Rogue, you arrant, &c.
What, know'ſt not thy Granam?

Pegge. I know her to be a teaſty old foole,
She's never well, but grunting in a corner.

Mother Mid. Nay ſheele campe (I warrant ye.)
O, ſhe ha's a tongue.
But *Marget* ev'n take her home to your Miſtreſſe, and there keepe her: for Ile keepe her no longer.

Nurſe. Mother, pray ye take ſome paines with her, and keepe her a while longer; and if ſhe doe not mend, Ile beat her blacke and blue: yfaith Ile not faile you Minion.

Mother Mid. Faith, at thy requeſt Ile take her home and try her a weeke longer.

Nurſe. Come on Huſwife, pleaſe your Granam, and be a good wench, and you ſhall ha my bleſſing.

Mother Mid. Come follow us good wench.

Exeunt Mother Mid. and Nurſe, manet Pegge.

Pegge. I, farewell, faire weather after you.
Your bleſſing quotha? Ile not give a ſingle halpenny for't: who would live under a mothers noſe, and a Granams tongue?
A maide cannot love, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clap: but, heer's ſuch tittle tattle, and doe not ſo, and be not ſo light, and be not ſo fond, and doe not kiſſe, and doe not love, and

I cannot tell what:
And I muſt love, and I hang for't. *She ſings.*
A ſweet thing is Loue,
That rules both heart and minde:
There is no comfort in the world,
To women that are kind.
Well Ile not ſtay with her. ſtay quotha?
To be yauld and jauld at, and tumbled and thumbled, and toſt and turn'd as I am by an old Hagge,
I will not, no I will not i'faith.

Enter Will Cricket.

But ſtay, I muſt put on my ſmirking looke, and ſmiling countenance:
For here comes one makes bomination ſuite to be my ſprus'd husband.

Will. Lord, that my heart would ſerve me to ſpeake to her, now ſhe talkes of her ſprus'd husband.
Well, Ile ſet a good face on't,
Now Ile clap me as cloſe to her, as *Iames* buttocks of a cloſe ſtoole, and come over her with my rowling, rattling, rumbling eloquence.
Sweet *Pegge*, honny *Pegge*, fine *Pegge*, dainty *Pegge*, brave *Pegge*, kinde *Pegge*, comely *Pegge*, my nutting, my ſweeting, my Love, my Dove, my honny, my bunny, my Ducke, my Deare, and my Darling.
Grace me with thy pleaſant eyes,
And loue without delay:
And caſt not with thy crabbed lookes,
A proper man away.

Pegge. Why *William*, What's the matter?

Will. What's the matter, quotha? Faith I ha beene in a faire taking for you; a bots on you: For tother day, after I had ſeene you, preſently my belly began to rumble.
What's the matter thought I?
With that I bethought my ſelfe, and the ſweet comporte-

nance

nance of that same sweet round face of thine, came into my minde.

Out went I, and Ile be sworne I was so neere taken, that I was faine to cut all my points.

And dost heare *Pegge?*

If thou dost not grant me thy good will in the way of marriage;

First and formost, Ile runne out of my clothes and then out of my wits for thee.

Pegge. Nay *William*, I would be loth you should doe so for me.

Will. Will you looke merrily on me, and love then?

Pegge. Faith I care not greatly if I doe.

Will. Care not greatly if I doe? what an answer's that? If thou wilt, say, I *Pegge* take thee *William*, to my spruce Husband.

Pegge. Why so I will; but we must have more company for witnesses first.

Will. That needs not: heer's good store of young men and maides here.

Pegge. Why then her's my hand.

Will. Faith that's honestly spoken: say after me:

I *Pegge Pudding*, promise the *William Cricket*,

That Ile hold thee for mine owne sweet Lilly,

While I have a head in mine eye, and a face on my nose, a mouth in my tongue, and all that a woman should have; from the crowne of my foot, to the soule of my head:

Ile claspe thee, and clip thee, coll thee, and kisse thee,

Till I be better then naught, and worse than nothing:

When thou art ready to sleepe, Ile be ready to snort:

When thou art in health, Ile be in gladnesse:

When thou art sicke, Ile be ready to dye:

When thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:

And thereupon I strike the good lucke:

Well said yfaith:

O I could find in my hose to pocket thee in my heart;

Come my heart of gold, let's have a dance at the making

up of this match:
Strike up *Tom Piper.* *They dance.*
Come *Pegge*, Ile take the paines to bring thee homeward,
And at twilight, looke for me againe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Robin Good-fellow, and Peter Ploddall.

Robin. Come hither my honest friend: M. *Churms* told me you had a suite to me,
What's the matter?

Peter. Pray ye sir, is your name *Robin-good-fellow?*

Robin. My name is *Robin-good-fellow.*

Peter. Marry sir, I heare y'are a very cunning man sir; And sir reverence of your worship sir, I am going a wooing to one Mistresse *Lelia* a Gentlewoman here hard by: Pray yee sir, tell me how I should behave my selfe, to get her to my Wife?
For sir, there is a Scholler about her:
Now if you can tell me, how I should wipe his nose of her, I would bestow a fee on you.

Robin. Let me see't, and thou shalt see what Ile say to thee. *He gives him money.*
Well, follow my counsell, and Ile warrant thee;
Ile give thee a Love-powder for thy wench,
And a kind of *Nux vomica* in a potion, shall make her come off y'faith.

Peter. Shall I trouble you so farre as to take some paines with me?
I am loth to have the dodge.

Robin. Tush, feare not the dodge:
Ile rather put on my flashing red Nose, and my flaming Face, and come wrapt in a Calves-skin, and cry bo, bo;
Ile fray the Scholler I warrant thee.
But first goe to her, try what thou canst doe;
Perhaps sheele love thee without any further adoe;
But thou must tell her, thou hast a good stocke, some hundred or two a yeere, and that will set her hard I warrant thee.

For

For by th' Masse, I was once in good comfort to have coozend a wench:
And wots thou what I told her?
I told her, I had a hundred pound land a yeere in a place, where I have not the breadth of my little finger.
I promised her to infeoffe her in forty pounds a yeere of it: and I thinke in my conscience, if I had had but as good a face as thine,
I should have made her have cust the time that ever she see it.
And thus must thou doe, cracke, and lye, and face,
And thou shalt triumph mightily.

Peter. I need not doe so: for I may say, and say true,
I have lands and living enough for a Country fellow.

Robin. Barlady so had not I, I was faine to over-reach, as many times I doe:
But now experience hath taught me so much craft, that I excell in cunning.

Peter. Well sir, then Ile be bold to trust to your cunning, and so Ile bid you farewell, and goe forward:
Ile to her, that's flat.

Robin. Doe so: and let me heare how you speed.

Peter. That I will sir. *Exit. Peter.*

Robin. Well, a good beginning makes a good end, Here's ten groates for doing nothing:
I con Master *Churms* thankes for this,
For this was his device;
And therefore Ile goe seeke him out, and give him a quart of wine,
And know of him how he deales with the Scholler. *Exit.*

Enter Churms and Sophos.

Churms. Why? looke ye sir, by the Lord I can but wonder at her Father.
He knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing up;
And though your wealth be not answerable to his,
Yet by heavens I thinke, you are worthy to doe farre bet-

ter than *Lelia*, yet I know she loves you dearely.

Sophos. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamar Cham*,
Joyde not so much in his imperiall Crowne,
As *Sophos* joyes in *Lelia* hop'd for love;
Whose lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart,
And make the proud beholders stand at gaze,
To draw loves picture from her glauncing eye.

Churms. And I will stretch my wits unto the highest straine,
To further *Sophos* in his vaine desires.

Sophos. Thankes gentle sir. *Enter Gripe.*
But truce a while, here comes her father,
I must speake a word or two with him. *Speakes to himselfe.*

Churms. I, he'le give you your answer (I warrant ye.)

Sophos. God save you sir.

Gripe. O Master *Sophos*, I have longed to speake with you a great while,
I heare you seeke my daughter *Lelia* love,
I hope you will not seeke to dishonest me, nor disgrace my Daughter.

Sophos. No sir, a man may aske a yea,
A woman may say nay,
Yet I must confesse I love *Lelia*.

Gripe. Sir, I must be plaine with you, I like not of your love:
Lelia's mine, Ile choose for *Lelia*,
And therefore I would wish you not to frequent my house any more.
It's better for you to ply your Booke, and seeke for some preferment that way, than to seeke for a Wife before you know how to maintaine her.

Sophos. I am not rich, I am not very poore:
I neither want, nor ever shall exceed;
The meane is my content, I live twixt two extreames.

Gripe. Well, well, I tell ye, I like not yee should come to my house, and presume so proudly to match your poore pedigree with my Daughter *Lelia*: and therefore I charge you

you get you off, off my ground, come no more at my Houſe:
I like not this Learning without Living, I.

Sophos. He needs muſt goe, that the Devill drives:
Sic Virtus ſine cenſu langues. *Exit Sophos.*

Gripe. O, Maſter *Charms*, cry you mercy ſir, I ſaw not you: I thinke I have ſent the Scholler away with a flea in his eare.
I trow heele come no more at my houſe.

Charms. No, for if he doe, you may indite him for comming of your ground.

Gripe. Well, now Ile home, and keepe in my daughter: She ſhall neither goe to him, nor ſend to him:
Ile watch her (Ile warrant her)
Before God M. *Charms*, it is the pervifeſt girle that ever I knew in my life, ſhe will not be rul'd, I doubt:
Pray yee ſir, doe indeavour to perſwade her to take *Peter Ploddall.*

Charms. I warrant ye, Ile perſwade her, feare not.

Exeunt.

Enter Lelia and Nurſe.

Lelia. What ſorrow ſeiſeth on my heavie heart?
Conſuming care poſſeſſeth every part:
Heart-ſad *Erynnis* keepe his manſion here,
Within the cloſure of my woefull breſt;
And blacke Deſpaire, with Yron Scepter ſtands,
And guides my thoughts, downe to his hateſull Cell,
The wanton winds with whiſtling murmure beare
My piercing Plaints along the deſart plaines:
And woods and groves doe ecchoe forth my woes;
The Earth below relents in Chriſtall teares,
When Heavens above, by ſome malignant courſe
Of fatall Starres, are authors of my griefe.
Fond Love, goe hide thy Shafts in Follies den,
And let the world forget thy Childiſh force,
Or elſe flye, flye, pierce *Sophos* tender breſt,

That he may helpe to sympathize these plaints,
that wring these teares from *Lelias* weeping eyes.

Nurse. Why, how now Mistresse; What is it Love that makes you weepe, and tosse, and turne so at nights when you are in bed?
Saint *Leonard* grant you fall not love-sicke

Lelia. I, that's the point, that pierceth to the quicke,
Would *Atropos* would cut my vitall threed,
And so make lavish of my loathed life:
Or gentle heavens would smile with faire aspect,
And so give better fortunes to my love.
Why is't not a plague to be prisoner to mine owne father?

Nurse. Yes, ant's a shame for him to use you so too.
But be of good cheare Mistresse, Ile goe to *Sophos* every day,
Ile bring you tidings, and tokens too from him, (Ile warrant ye,) and if he will send you a kisse or two, Ile bring it; Let me alone, I am good at a dead lift:
Marry I cannot blame you for loving of *Sophos*,
Why, he's a man as one should picture him in wax.
But Mistresse, out upon't, wipe your eyes,
For here comes another wooer.

Enter Peter Ploddall.

Peter. Mistresse *Lelia*, God speed you.

Lelia. That's more then we need at this time, for we are doing nothing.

Peter. I were as good to say a good word as a bad.

Lelia. But 'tis more wisdome to say nothing at all, then to speake to no purpose.

Peter. My purpose is to wive you.

Lelia. And mine is never to wed you.

Peter. Belike you are in love with some body else.

Nurse. No, but she's lustily promised:
Heare you; you with long rifle by your side, doe you lacke a wife?

Peter. Call ye this a rifle? Its a good Backe-sword.

Nurse. Why, then you with your Backe-sword, let's see your backe.

Peter.

Peter. Nay, I muſt ſpeake with Miſtreſſe *Lelia* before I goe.

Lelia. What would you with me?

Peter. Marry, I have heard very well of you; and ſo has my father too,
And he has ſent me to you a wooing,
And if you have any mind of marriage,
I hope I ſhall maintaine you as well as any Husband-mans wife in the Country.

Nurſe. Maintaine her, with what?

Peter. Marry, with my Lands and Living, my father has promis'd me.

Lelia. I have heard much of your wealth, but I never knew your manners before now.

Peter. Faith, I have no Mannors, But a pretty Homeſtall, and we have great ſtore of Oxen, and Horſes, and Carts, and Plowes, and Houſhold-ſtuffe bomination.
And great flockes of Sheepe, and flockes of Geeſe, and Capons, and Hens, and Duckes: O, we have a fine yard of Pullen:
And thanke God, heer's a fine weather for my Fathers Lambs.

Lelia. I cannot live content, in diſcontent:
For as no Muſicke can delight the eares,
Where all the parts of diſcord are compoſed:
So Wedlocke bands will ſtill conſiſt in jarres,
Where in condition ther's no ſympathies:
Then reſt your ſelfe contented with this anſwere,
I cannot love.

Peter. Its no matter what you ſay: for my Father told me this much before I came, that you would bee ſomething nice at firſt; but hee bad mee like you nere the worſe for that, for I were the liker to ſpeed.

Lelia. Then you were beſt leave off your ſuite, till ſome other time: and when my leaſure ſerves me to love you, Ile ſend for you.

Peter. Will you ſo well then Ile take my leave of you, and

and if I may heare from you, Ile pay the Messenger well for his paines.
But stay: Gods death, I had almost forgot my selfe,
Pray'ee let me kisse your hand ere I goe.

Nurse. Faith Mistresse, his mouth runs a water for a kisse:
A little would serve his turne be like:
Let him kisse your hand.

Lelia. Ile not sticke for that. *He kisses her hand.*

Peter. Mistresse *Lelia*, God be with you.

Lelia. Farewell *Peter.* *Exit Peter.*
Thus Lucre set in golden chaire of state,
When Learning's bid, stand by and keepe aloofe:
This greedy humor fits my fathers vaine,
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gaine.

Enter Churms.

Nurse. Mistresse, take heed you speake nothing that will beare action, for here comes M. *Churms* the Pettifogger.

Churms. Mistresse *Lelia*, rest you merry:
What's the reason, you and your Nurse walke here alone?

Lelia. Because, sir, we desire no other company but our owne.

Churms. Would I were then your owne,
That I might keepe you company.

Nurse. O sir, you and he that is her owne, are farre asunder.

Churms. But if she please, we may be neerer.

Lelia. That cannot be: mine owne is neerer than my selfe.
And yet my selfe, alas, am not mine owne;
Thoughts, Feares, Despaires, tenne thousand dreadfull Dreames:
Those are mine owne, and these doe keepe me company.

Churms. Before God, I must confesse, your father it too cruell.
To keepe you thus sequestred from the world,
To spend your prime of youth, thus in obscurity,

And

And seeke to wed you to an idiot foole,
That knowes not how to use himselfe:
Could but my deserts but answer my desires,
I sweare by *Sol* faire *Phœbus* silver eye,
My heart would wish no higher to aspire,
Than to be grac'd with *Lelias* love.
By *Iesus*, I cannot play the dissembler,
And woo my love with courting ambages,
Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongues end,
But in a word, I tell the summe of my desires,
I love faire *Lelia*.
By her my passions daily are increas'd:
And I must dye, unlesse by *Lelias* love they be releas'd.

Lelia. Why Master *Churms*, I had thought you had beene my fathers great Counsellor, in all these actions.

Churms. Nay, damme if I be:
By Heavens, sweet Nymph, I am not.

Nurse. Master *Churms*, you are one can doe much with her father: and if you love her as you say, perswade him to use her more kindly, and give her liberty to take her choise: for these made marriages prove not well.

Churms. I protest I will.

Lelia. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:
Meane time, *Nurse*, let's in:
My long absence I know, will make my father muse.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.

Churms. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:
Who can but ruminate upon these words?
Would she had said, her love:
But tis no matter; first creepe and then goe;
Now her friend: the next degree, *Lelias* love.
Well, Ile perswade her father to let her have a little more liberty.
But soft, Ile none of that neither,
So the Scholler may chance coozen me.
Perswade him to keepe her in still:
And before shele have *Peter Floddall*, shele have any body,

 And

And so I shall be sure that *Sophos* shall never come at her.
Why Ile warrant ye, sheele be glad to runne away with me at length.
Hang him that has no shifts.
I promis'd *Sophos* to further him in his suite:
But if I doe, Ile be pickt to death with Hens.
I swore to *Gripe*, I would perswade *Lelia* to love *Peter Ploddall*.
But God forgive me, it was the furthest end of my thought.
Tut, what's an oath? every man for himselfe:
Ile shift for one, I warrant ye. *Exit.*

Enter Fortunatus solus.

Fortun. Thus have I past the beating billowes of the sea,
By *Ithacks* rockes, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,
And wafted safe from *Mars* his bloody fields,
Where Trumpets sound Tantara to the fight,
And here arriv'd for to repose my selfe,
Upon the borders of my native soyle,
Now *Fortunatus*, bend thy happy course
Unto thy fathers house, to greet thy dearest friends:
And if that still thy aged Sire survive,
Thy presence will revive his drooping spirits,
And cause his withered cheekes bee sprent with youthfull blood,
Where death of late was portraid to the quicke.
But soft who comes here? *stand aside.*

Enter Robin-Good-fellow.

Robin. I wonder I heare not of Master *Charms*.
I would faine know how he speedes,
And what successe he has in *Lelias* love:
Well, if he coozen the Scholler of her,
Twould make my worship laugh:
And if he have her, he may say, God a mercy *Robin-good-fellow*.
Oh, ware a good head, as long as you live.
Why, Master *Gripe*, he casts beyond the Moone,

And

And *Churms* is the onely man he puts in truſt with his daughter, and (Ile warrant) the old Churle would take it upon his ſalvation, that he will perſwade her to marry *Peter Ploddall*: But Ile make a foole of *Peter Ploddall*,
Ile looke him i'th' face and picke his purſe,
Whil'ſt *Churms* coozen him of his Wench,
And my old grandſire Holdfaſt of his Daughter.
And if he can doe ſo,
Ile teach him a tricke to coozen him of his gold too.
Now for *Sophus*, let him weare the Willow garland,
And play the melancholly maleconcent,
And pluck his hat downe in his fallen eyes,
And thinke on *Lelia* in theſe deſart Groves:
'Tis enough for him to have her in his thoughts,
Although he ne'r imbrace her in his armes.
But now, there is a fine device come into my head,
To ſcarre the Scholler:
You ſhall ſee Ile make fine ſport with him.
They ſay that every day he keepes his walke
Amongſt theſe Woods and melancholly ſhades;
And on the Barke of every ſenceleſſe Tree.
Ingraves the Tenour of his hapleſſe hope.
Now when hee's at *Venus* Alter at his Oriſons,
Ile put me on my great carnation Noſe,
And wrap me in a rouſing Calve-skin ſuite,
And come like ſome Hob-goblin, or ſome Devill
Aſcended from the griſly pits of Hell,
And like a Scar-babe make him take his legges;
Ile play the Devill, I warrant ye. *Exit Robin-good-fellow.*

Fortunatus. And if you doe (by this hand) Ile play the Conjurer.
Bluſh, *Fortunatus*, at the baſe conceit,
To ſtand aloofe, like one that's in a trance,
And with thine eyes behold that miſcreant Impe,
(Whoſe tongue more venome than the Serpents ſting)
Before thy face thus taunt thy deareſt friends?
I, thine owne Father with reprochfull tearmes,

Thy ſiſter *Lelia*, ſhe is bought and ſold,
And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,
Is made a ſtale by this baſe curſed crew,
And damned den of vagrant runnagates:
But here in ſight of ſacred heavens, I ſweare
By all the ſorrowes of the *Stigian* ſoules,
By *Mars* his bloody blade, and faire *Bellona's* Bowers,
I vow, theſe eyes ſhall ne'r behold my fathers face,
Theſe feet ſhall never paſſe theſe deſart plaines:
But Pilgrime-like, Ile wander in theſe woods,
Untill I finde out *Sophos* ſecret walkes,
And ſound the depth of all their plotted drifts:
Nor will I ceaſe untill theſe hands revenge
Th'injurious wrong that's offered to my friend,
Upon the workes of this ſtratagem. *Exit.*

Enter Pegge ſola.

Pegge. Yfaith, yfaith, I cannot tell what to doe,
I love, and I love, and I cannot tell who:
Out upon this love:
For wot you what? I have ſuitors come huddle, twoes upon twoes, and threes upon threes, and what thinke you troubles mee?
I muſt chat and kiſſe with all commers, or elſe no bargaine.

Enter Will Cricket, and kiſſes her.

Will. A bargaine yfaith: ha my ſweet hony-ſops, how doſt thou?

Pegge. Well I thanke you *William*, now I ſee y'are a man of your word.

Will. A man of my word quotha? why I ne'r broke promiſe in my life that I kept.

Pegge No *William* I know you did not:
But I had thought you had forgotten me.

Will. Doſt heare *Pegge*? if e'r I forget thee,
I pray God I may never remember thee.

Pegge. Peace, here comes my Grannam *Midnight*.

Enter.

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother Mid. What *Pegge*? what ho? what *Pegge*, I say?
What *Pegge* my wench?
What where art thou trow?

Pegge. Here Grannam at your elbow.

Mother Mid. What mak'ſt thou here this' twatter light?
I thinke th'art in a dreame,
I thinke the foole haunts thee.

Will. Sounds foole in your face: foole, O monſtrous intitulation.
Foole? O diſgrace to my perſon: ſounds, foole not me, for I cannot brooke ſuch a cold raſher I can tell you: give me but ſuch another word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer, eene of thy butter-tooth, thou tooth-leſſe Trot thou.

Mother M. Nay *William*, pray ye be not angry, you muſt beare with old folkes.
They be old and teaſty, hot and haſty: ſet not your wit againſt mine, *William*,
For I thought no harme by my troth.

Will. Well your good words have ſomething laide my choller.
But Grannam, ſhal I be ſo bold to come to your houſe now and then to keepe *Pegge* company?

Mother M. I, and beſhrow thy good heart and thou doſt not:
Come, and weele have a peece a Barley Bag-pudding, or ſomething.
And thou ſhalt be very heartily welcome, that thou ſhalt,
And *Pegge* ſhall bid thee welcome too: pray ye Maid, bid him welcome, and make much of him, for by my vay he's a good ſpringold.

Pegge. Granam, if you did ſee him dance, 'twould doe your heart good:
Lord, 'twould make any body love him, ſo ſee how finely he'le foot it.

Mother M. William, prethee goe home to my houſe with us, and taſte a cup of our Beere, and learne to know the

way againe another time.

Will. Come on Grandam, Ile man you home yfaith: Come *Pegge.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe, old Pleddall, and his sonne Peter, and Charmes the Lawyer.

Pleddall. Come hither *Peter*, hold up your head: where's your cap and legge, sir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leave master *Gripe.*

Gripe. Welcome *Peter*, give me thy hand, th'art welcome: Barlady, this is a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour: call you him a boy?

Pleddall. A good pretty squire Springold sir.

Gripe. Peter, you have seene my Daughter I am sure: how doe you like her?
What sayes she to you?

Peter. Faith I like her well, and I have broken my minde to her, and she would say neither I or no:
But, thanke God sir, we parted good friends,
For she let me kisse her hand, and bad me, Farewell *Peter*,
And therefore I thinke I am like enough to speede:
How thinke ye Master *Charmes*?

Charmes. Marry I thinke so too,
For she did shew no token of any dislike of your motion, did she?

Peter. No, not a whit sir.

Charmes. Why then I warrant ye,
For we hold in our Law, that, *Idem est non apparere, & non esse.*

Gripe. Master *Charmes*, I pray you doe so much as call my Daughter hither.
I will make her sure here to *Peter Pleddall*, and Ile desire you to be a witnesse.

Charmes. With all my heart. *Exit Charmes.*

Gripe. Before God, Neighbour, this same M. *Charmes* is a very good Lawyer: for Ile warrant, you cannot speake any thing, but he has Law for it *ad unguem.*

Pleddall

Ploddall. Marry een the more joy on him,
And hee's one that I am very much beholding to:
But here comes your Daughter.

Enter Churms, Lelia and Nurse.

Lelia. Father, did you send for me?

Gripe. I Wench, I did: come hither *Lelia*, give me thy hand.
Master *Churms*, I pray you beare witnesse,
I here give *Lelia* to *Peter Ploddall*. *She pluckes her hand.*
How now?

Nurse. Shee'le none, she thankes you sir.

Gripe. Will she none? Why how now, I say?
What? you pewling peevish thing, you untoward baggage,
Will you not be rul'd by your Father?
Have I tane care to bring you up to this?
And will you doe as you list?
A way, I say, hang, starve, begge, be gone, packe I say:
Out of my sight,
Thou ne'r get'st penny-worth of my goods for this:
Thinke ont, I doe not use to jest: } *Exeunt Lelia,*
Be gone I say, I will not heare thee speake. } *and Nurse.*

Churms. I pray you sir patient your selfe: shee's young.

Gripe. I hold my life this beggerly Scholler hankers about her still, makes her so untoward:
But Ile home, Ile set her a harder taske:
Ile keepe her in, and looke to her a little better than I ha done,
Ile make her have little minde of gadding, Ile warrant her.
Come Neighbour, send your Sonne to my house, for he's welcome thither, and shall be welcome; and Ile make *Lelia* bid him welcome too, e'r I ha done with her.
Come *Peter*, follow us. *Exeunt all but Churms.*

Churms. Why this is excellent, better and better still.
This is beyond expectation:
Why, now this geare begins to worke:
But beshrew my heart, I was afraid that *Lelia* would have yeelded, when I saw her father take her by the hand, and call

me for a witneſſe, my heart began to quake.
But to ſay the truth, ſhe had little reaſon to take a Cullian lagloafe, milke-ſop ſlave;
When ſhe may have a Lawyer, a Gentleman that ſtands up on his reputation in the Country:
One whoſe diminutive defect of Law, may compare with his little learning:
Well, I ſee that *Churms* muſt be the man muſt carry *Lelia* when all's done.

Enter Robin-good-fellow.

Robin. How now Maſter *Churms*, what newes abroad? Me thinke you looke very ſpruce: y'are very frolike now alate.

Churms. What fellow *Robin*, how goes the ſquares with you?
Y'are waxen very proud a late, you will not know your old friends.

Robin. Faith I eene came to ſeeke you, to beſtow a quart of wine of you.

Churms. That's ſtrange: you were ne'r wont to be ſo liberall.

Robin. Toſh man, one good turne aske another: cleare gaines man, cleare gaines:

Peter Pleddall ſhall pay for all: I have gald him once,
And Ile come over him againe and againe, I wartant ye.

Churms. Faith *Lelia* has eene given him the doff of late, and made her father almoſt ſtarke mad.

Robin. O all the better, then I ſhall be ſure of more of his cuſtome.
But what ſucceſſe have you in your ſuit with her?

Churms. Faith all hither to goes well,
I have made the motion to her,
But as yet we are growne to no concluſion:
But I am in very good hope.

Robin. But doe you thinke you ſhall get her father's good will?

Churms. Tue, if I get the wenche, I care not for that.

That

that will come afterward:
And Ile be ſure of ſomething in the meane time,
For I have outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,
And Ile gather up what money I can amongſt them,
And *Gripe* ſhall not know of it neither.

Robin. I, and of thoſe that are ſcarce able to pay;
Take the one halfe, and forgive them the reſt, rather then ſit out at all.

Churms. Tuſh, let me alone for that:
But ſirra, I have brought the Scholler into a fooles Paradiſe;
Why, he has made me his ſpokeſman to Miſtreſſe *Lelia*,
And God's my Judge, I ne'r ſo much as name him to her.

Robin. O, bith' mas well remembred,
Ile tell you what I meane to doe,
Ile attire my ſelfe fit for the ſame purpoſe,
Like ſome helliſh Hag or damned fiend,
And meete with *Sophos*, wandring in the woods;
O I ſhall fray him terribly.

Churms. I would thou couldſt ſcare him out of his wits;
Then ſhould I ha the wench cocke ſure,
I doubt no body but him.

Robin. Well, let's goe drinke together,
And then Ile goe put on my diveliſh roabes,
I meane my Chriſtmas Calves-skin ſuite,
And then walke to the woods:
O Ile terrifie him I warrant ye.

Enter Sophos ſolus.

Sophos. Will heavens ſtill ſmile at *Sophos* miſeries,
And give no end to my inceſſant mones?
Theſe Cypreſſe ſhades are witneſſe of my woes,
The ſenſeleſſe trees doe grieve at my laments,
The leavy branches drop ſweet *Myrrhas* teares,
For love did ſcome me in my mothers wombe,
And ſullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth,
With all the fatall ſtarres conſpir'd in one,
To frame a hapleſſe conſtellation,

Preſaging *Sophos* luckleſſe deſtiny.
Here, here doth *Sophos* turne *Ixions* reſtleſſe wheele,
And here lyes wrapt in labyrinths of love,
Of his ſweet *Lelias* love, whoſe ſole *Idea* ſtill,
Prolongs the hapleſſe date of *Sophos* hopeleſſe life:
Ah, ſaid I life? a life farre worſe then death:
Then death? I then ten thouſand deaths.
I daily die, in that I live loves thrall,
They dye thrice happy, that once dye for all.
Here will I ſtay my weary wandring ſteps,
And lay me downe upon this ſolid earth, *He lyes downe.*
The mother of deſpaire and balefull thoughts,
I, this befits my melancholy moodes:
Now, now me thinkes I heare the pretty Birds,
with warbling tunes record faire *Lelias* name,
Whoſe abſence makes warme blood drop from my heart,
And forceth watry teares from theſe my weeping eyes:
Me thinkes I heare the ſilver-ſounding ſtreames,
With gentle murmur ſummon me to ſleepe,
Singing a melodious lullaby:
Here Will I take a nap, and drowne my hapleſſe hope,
In the Ocean ſeas of never like to ſpeed.

He falls in a ſlumber, and Muſicke ſounds.

Enter Sylvanus.

Sylvanus. Thus hath *Sylvanus* left his leavy Bowers,
Drawne by the ſound of Ecchoes ſad reports,
That with ſhrill notes and high reſounding voyce,
Doth peirce the very caverns of the earth,
And rings through hills and dales the ſad laments
Of Vertues loſſe, and *Sophos* mournfull plaints.
Now *Morpheus* rouze thee from thy ſable Den,
Charme all his ſenſes with a ſlumbring trance,
Whil'ſt old *Sylvanus* ſend a lovely trayne
Of Satyres, Driades, and watry Nymphes,
Out of their Bowers, to tune their ſilver ſtrings,

And with sweet sounding Musicke sing
Some pleasing Madrigales and Roundelayes,
To comfort *Sophos* in his deepe distresse. *Exit Sylvanus.*

Enter the Nymphes and Satyres singing.

THE SONG.

1

Satyres sing, let sorrowe keepe her Cell,
Let warbling Ecchoes ring,
And sounding Musicke yell,
Through hills, through dales, sad griefe and care to kill,
In him long since, alas, hath griefe dealt ill.

2

Sleepe no more, but wake and live content,
Thy griefe the Nymphes deplore:
The Sylvan *Gods lament*
To heare, to see thy mone, thy losse, thy love:
Thy plaints to teares, the flinty Rockes doe move.

3

Grieve not then, the Queene of Love is milde,
Shee sweetly smiles on men,
When Reason's must begull'd:
Her looker, her smiles, are kinde, are sweet, are faire:
Awake therefore, and sleepe no more in care.

4

Love intends to free thee from annoy,
His Nymphes Sylvanus *sends,*
To bid thee live in joy,
In hope, in joy, sweet love delights imbrace:
Faire Love her selfe, will yeeld thee so much grace.

Exeunt the Nimphes and Satyres.

Sophos. What doe I heare? what harmony is this,
With ſilver-ſound that glutteth *Sophos* eares,
And drives ſad paſſions from his heavy heart,
Preſaging ſome good future hap ſhall fall,
After theſe blaſtring blaſts of diſcontent?
Thankes gentle Nymphes, and Satyres too adieu,
That thus compaſſionate a loyall Lovers woe,
When heaven ſits ſmiling at his dire miſhaps.

Enter Fortunatus.

Fortunatus. With weary ſteps I trace theſe deſart groves,
And ſearch to find out *Sophos* ſecret walkes,
My trueſt vowed friend, and *Lelia's* deareſt love.

Sop. What voyce is this ſounds *Lelias* ſacred name? *riſeth.*
Is it ſome Satyre that hath viewed her late,
And's growne enamour'd of her gorgeous hiew?

Fortunatus. No Satyre, *Sophos*, but thy ancient friend:
Whoſe deareſt blood doth reſt at thy command,
Hath ſorrow lately bleard thy watry eyes,
That thou forgetſt the laſting league of love,
Long time was vowed betwixt thy ſelfe and me?
Looke on me man; I am thy friend.

Sophos. O, now I know thee, now thou nam'ſt my friend:
I have no friend to whom I dare
Unloade the burthen of my griefe,
But one *Fortunatus*, he's my ſecond ſelfe,
My *Fortunatus*, fortunate venter.

Fort. How fares my friend? me thinks you looke not well:
Your eyes are ſunck, your cheekes looke pale and wan,
What meanes this alteration?

Sophos. My minde, ſweet friend, is like a reſtleſſe ſhip,
That's hurl'd and toſt upon the ſurging ſeas,
By *Boreas* bitter blaſts and *Eols* whiſtling winds,
On rocks and ſands, farre from the wiſhed port
Whereon my ſilly ſhip deſires to land;
Faire *Lelias* love, that is my wiſhed haven,
Wherein my wandring thoughts would take repoſe,
For want of which, my reſtleſſe thoughts are toſt:

For

For want of which all *Sophos* joyes are loſt.

Fortu. Doth *Sophos* love my ſiſter *Lelias*?

Sophos. She, ſhe it is, whoſe love I wiſh to gaine:
Nor need I wiſh, nor doe I love in vaine,
My love ſhe doth repay with equall meed:
'Tis ſtrange you'le ſay that *Sophos* ſhould not ſpeed.

Fortunatus. Your love repaid with equall meed;
And yet you languiſh ſtill in love? 'tis ſtrange: (friend,
From whence proceeds your griefe? unfold unto your
A friend may yeeld reliefe.

Sophos. My want of wealth is anchor of my griefe,
Your father ſayes, my ſtate is too too low:
I am no Hobby-bred; I may not ſoare ſo high, as *Lelias* love,
The lofty Eagle will not catch at flies.
When I with *Icarus* would ſoare againſt the Sunne,
He is the onely fiery *Phaeton* denies my courſe,
And ſeares my waxen wings, whenas I ſoare aloft:
He mewes faire *Lelia* up from *Sophos* ſight,
That not ſo much as paper pleads remorſe:
Thrice three times *Sol* hath ſlept in *Thetis* lap,
Since theſe mine eyes beheld ſweet *Lelias* face.
What greater griefe? what other hell then this,
To be denied to come where my beloved is?

Fortunatus. Doe you alone love *Lelia*?
Have you no rivals with you in your love?

Sophos. Yes onely one, and him your father backes,
'Tis *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddals* ſonne and heire,
One whoſe baſe ruſticke rude deſert
Unworthy farre to win ſo faire a prize:
Yet meanes your father for to make a match
For golden Lucre, with this *Coridon*,
And ſcornes at vertues lore: hence growes my griefe.

Fortu. If it be true, I heare there is one *Charmes* beſide,
Makes ſuite to win my ſiſter to his bride.

Sophos. That cannot be, *Charmes* is my vowed friend,
Whoſe tongue relates the tenour of my love
To *Lelias* eares, I have no other meanes.

Forin. Well, trust him not: the Tyger hides his Clawes
When oft he doth pretend the greatest guiles.
But stay: here comes *Lelias* Nurse.

Enter Nurse.

Sophos. *Nurse*, what newes?
How fares my Love?

Nurse. How fares she, quoth? Marry thee may fare how she will for you; neither come to her, nor send to her of a whole fortnight?
Now I sweare to you by my Maydenhead, if my Husband should have sew'd me so, when he came a wooing to mee, I would never have look'd on him with a good face, as long as I had lived.
But he was as kinde a wretch as ever laid lips of a woman, He would a come thorow the windowes, or doores, or walls, or any thing, but he would have come to me.
Marry after we had been married a while, his kindnesse began to slacke, for Ile tell you what he did:
Hee made mee beleeve hee would goe to Greene-gooſe faire, and Ile bee ſworne, hee tooke his legges and ranne cleane away:
And I am afraid you'le proove ev'en ſuch another kinde piece to my Miſtreſſe: for ſhee ſits at home in a corner weeping for you; and Ile bee ſworne, ſhee's ready to dye upward for you:
And her father oth' other ſide, he yoles at her, and joles at her; and ſhe leades ſuch a life for you, it paſſes, and you'le neither come to her, nor ſend to her:
Why, ſhe thinkes you have forgotten her.

Sophos. Nay, then let heavens in ſorrow end my dayes,
And fatall Fortune never ceaſe to frowne:
And heaven and earth, and all conſpire to pull mee downe,
If blacke oblivion ſeize upon my heart,
Once to eſtrange my thoughts from *Lelias* love.

Fortunatus. Why *Nurſe*, I am ſure that *Lelia* heares from *Sophos* once a day at leaſt, by *Charmes* the Lawyer,
Who is his onely friend.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. What, young Maſter? God bleſſe mine eye-ſight,
Now by my Maydenhead y'are welcome home,
I am ſure my Miſtreſſe will be glad to ſee you.
But what ſay you of Maſter *Charmis?*

Fortu. Marry, I ſay he's a wel-willer to my ſiſter *Lelia,*
And a ſecret friend to *Sophos.*

Nurſe. Marry the Devill he is: truſt him, and hang him:
Why, hee cannot ſpeake a good word on him to my old Maſter; and he does ſo riſle before my Miſtreſſe with his Barbarian eloquence, and ſtrut before her in a paire of Polonian lagges, as he were a Gentleman Uſher to the great Turke, or to the Devill of *Dowgate:*
And if my miſtreſſe would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might goe ſnick-up: But he has ſuch a butter-milke face, that ſhee'le never have him.

Sophos. Can falſhhod lurke in thoſe inticing lookes?
And deepe diſſemblance lye, where truth appeares?

Fortu. Injurious villany, to betray his friend!

Nurſe. Sir, doe you know the gentleman?

Fortu. Faith not well.

Nurſe. Why ſir, hee lookes like a red Hering at a Noblemans table on Eaſter day, and he ſpeakes nothing but Almond-butter, and Suger-candy.

Fortu. That's excellent.

Sophos. This world's the Chaos of confuſion:
No world at all but maſſe of open wrongs;
Wherein a man, as in a Map, may ſee,
The high roade-way from woe to miſery.

Fortu. Content your ſelfe, and leave theſe paſſions,
Now doe I ſound the depth of all their drifts,
The Devils device, and *Charmis* his knavery:
On whom his heart vowed to be reveng'd,
Ile ſcatter them: the plot's already in my head.
Nurſe, hye thee home, commend me to my ſiſter:
Bid her this night ſend for Maſter *Charmis,*
To him ſhe muſt recount her many griefes,
Exclaime againſt her Fathers hard conſtraint,

And

And ſo cunningly temporize with this cunning *Caſſe*,
That he may thinke ſhe loves him as her life:
Bid her tell him, that if by any meanes
He can convey her forth her fathers gate,
Unto a ſecret friend of hers;
The way to whom lyes by the forreſt ſide,
That none but he ſhall have her to his bride.
For her departure, let her point the time,
To morrow night when *Veſper* gins to ſhine,
Here will I be, when *Lelia* comes this way,
Accompanied with her Gentleman-uſher,
Whoſe amorous thoughts doe dreame on nought but love,
And if this Baſtinado hold,
Ile make him leave his wench with *Seppar* for a pawne:
Let me alone to uſe him in his kind,
This is the trap which for him I have laid,
Thus craft by cunning once ſhall be betrayd;
And for the Devill, Ile conjure him:
Good *Nurſe* be gone: bid her not faile,
And for a token, beare to her this Ring,
Which well ſhe knowes, for when I ſaw her laſt,
It was her favour, and ſhe gave it me.

Sophor. And beare her this from me,
And with this Ring, bid her receive my heart:
My heart? alas, my heart I cannot give,
How ſhould I give her that which is her owne?

Nurſe. And your heart be hers, her heart is yours,
And ſo change is not robbery.
Well, Ile give her your Tokens, and tell her what ye ſay.

Fortunatus. Doo good *Nurſe*: but in any caſe let not my Father know that I am here, untill we have effected all our purpoſes.

Nurſe. Ile warrant you, I will not play with you,
As Maſter *Cheerms* does with *Sophor*.
I would ha my eares cut from my head firſt. *Exit Nurſe.*

Fortunatus. Come *Sophor*, cheere up your ſelfe, man,
Let hope expell theſe melancholy dumps.

Meane

Meane while, lets in,
Expecting how the events of this device will fall,
Untill to morrow at th' appointed time,
When weele expect the comming of your Love.
What man, Ile worke it through the fire,
But you shall have her.

Sophos. And I will study to deserve this love. *Exeunt.*

Enter William Cricket solus

Will. Looke on me, and looke of Master *Churms*:
A good proper man:
Marry Master *Churms* has something a better paire of
Legges indeed:
But for a sweet Face, a fine Beard, comely corps,
And a carowsing Codpeece,
All *England* if it can
Shew me such a man,
To win a wench by gis,
To clip, to coll, to kisse,
As *William Cricket* is.
Why looke you now: if I had bin such a great long, large,
Lobcocke, losell Lurden, as Master *Churms* is,
Ile warrant you, I should never have got *Pegge* as long as I had
lived: for (doe you marke) a Wench will never love a man
that has all his substance in his Legges.
But stay: here comes my Landlord,
I must goe and salute him.

Enter old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, when didst thou see *Robin-good-fellow?* He's the man must doe the fact.

Peter. Faith Father, I see him not this two dayes; but Ile seeke him out: for I know he'le doe the deed, and shee were twenty *Lelias*.
For father, he's a very cunning man: for, give him but tenne groates, and he'le give me a Powder, that will make *Lelia* come to bed to me:

And when I have her there, Ile uſe her well enough.

Ploddall. Will he ſo? Marry, I will give him vorty ſhillings, if I can doe it.

Peter. Nay, he'le doe more than that too,
For he'le make himſelfe like a Devill, and fray the Scholler that hankers about her, out on's wits.

Ploddall. Marry, Jeſus bleſſe us: will he ſo?
Marry thou ſhalt have vorty ſhillings to give him, and thy mother ſhall beſtow a hard Cheeſe on him beſide.

Will. Land-lord, a pox on you, this good morne.

Ploddall. How now foole, doſt curſe me?

Will. How now foole, how now Catterpiller?
It's a ſigne of death, when ſuch vermine creepe hedges ſo early in the morning.

Peter. Sirra, Foule manners, doe you know to whom you ſpeake?

Will. Indeed *Peter*, I muſt confeſſe I want ſome of your wooing manners, or elſe I might have turn'd my faire buſh tayle to you inſtead of your father: and have given you the ill ſalutation this morning.

Ploddall. Let him alone *Peter*, Ile temper him well ynough.
Sirra, I heare ſay you muſt be marryed ſhortly.
Ile make you pay a ſweet fine for your houſe, for this,
Ha ſirra, am not I your Land-lord?

Will. Yes for fault of a better; but you get neither ſweet fine, nor ſower fine of me.

Ploddall. My Maſters, I pray you beare witneſſe:
I doe diſcharge him then.

Will. My Maſters, I pray you beare witneſſe:
My Land-lord has given me a generall diſcharge.
Ile be married preſently, my fine's payd: I have a diſcharge for it. *He offers to goe away.*

Ploddall. Nay prethee ſtay.

Will. No, Ile not ſtay, Ile goe call the Clarke,
Ile be cryed out upon ith' Church preſently,
What ho, What Clarke I ſay, where are you? *Enter Clarke, Clarke.*

Clarke. Who cals me, what would you have with me?

Will. Marry Sir, I would have you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, 'oth Towne, or 'oth' Country, can lay any charge to *Pegge Pudding*, let him bring word to the cryer, or elſe *William Cricket* will wipe his noſe of her.

Clarke. You meane you would be askt ith Church?

Will. I, that's it: a bots on't, I cannot hit of theſe marrying tearmes yet.

And Ile deſire my Land-lord here and his ſonne, to be at the celebration of my marriage too:

Yfaith *Peter*, you ſhall cramme your guts full of Cheeſecakes and cuſtards there.

And ſirra *Clarke*, if thou wilt ſay Amen ſtoutly:

Yfaith my powder-beefe ſlave,

Ile have a rumpe of beefe for thee, ſhall make thy mouth ſtand oth tother ſide.

Clarke. When would you have it done?

Will. Marry eene as ſoone as may be: let me ſee:

I will be askt ith Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and againe at evening prayer: and the next Holiday that comes I will bee askt ith forenoone, and marryed ith afternoone: For (doe you marke?) I am none of theſe ſneaking fellowes that will ſtand thrumming of Caps, and ſtudying upon a matter as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has beene about to ſhow his little wit, in the ſecond part of his paultrie poetrie: but if I begin with wooing, Ile end with Wedding.

And therefore good *Clarke*, let me have it done with all ſpeed: for I promiſe you, I am very ſharpe ſet.

Clarke. Faith you may bee askt ith' Church on Sunday at Morning prayer; but *Sir Iohn* cannot tend to doe it at Evening prayer: for there comes a Company of Players to'th Towne on Sunday ith afternoone; and *Sir Iohn* is ſo good a fellow, that I know he'le ſcarce leave their company, to ſay Evening prayer.

For (though I ſay it) he's a very painefull man, and takes ſo great delight in that faculty, that he'le take as great paines

about building of a Stage, or ſo, as the baſeſt fellow among them.

Will. Nay, if he have ſo lawfull an excuſe, I am content to deferre it one day the longer:
And Landlord, I hope, you and your ſonne *Peter* will make bold with us, and trouble us.

Ploddall. Nay *William*, wee would be loath to trouble you: But you ſhall have our company there.

Will. Faith you ſhall be heartily welcome, and we will have good merry Rogues there, that will make you laugh till you burſt.

Peter. Why, *William*, what company doe you meane to have?

Will. Marry, firſt and formoſt, there will be an honeſt Dutch Cobler, that will ſing (*I will no meare to Bergine goe*) the beſt that ever you did heare.

Ploddall. What muſt a Cobler be your chiefe gueſt?
Why he's a baſe fellow.

Will. A baſe fellow? you may be aſhamed to ſay ſo;
For he's a honeſt fellow, and a good fellow,
And he begins to carry the very badge of good fellowſhip upon his noſe; that I doe not doubt but in time, he will prove as good a cuppe-companion as *Robin Good-fellow* himſelfe:
I, and he's a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too,
For Ile tell you what, tye him to'th Bul-ring, and for a Bag-pudding, a Cuſtard, a Cheeſe-cake, a Hogs Cheeke, or a Calves head, turne any man i'th towne to him and if he doe not prove himſelfe as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and turne his body into a Barrell of ſtrong Ale, and let his Noſe be the Spiggat, his mouth the Foſſet, and his Tongue a Plugge for the Bung-hole.
And then there will be *Robin-good-fellow*, as good a drunken Rogue as lives; and *Tom Shoomaker*, and I hope you will not deny that he's an honeſt man, for hee was Conſtable o'th Towne.
And a number of other honeſt Raſcals; which though they

are growne bankrouts, and live at the reverſion of other mens tables,
Yet (thankes be to God) they have a penny amongſt them at all times at their need.

Ploddall. Nay, if *Robin-good-fellow* be there, you ſhall be ſure to have our company:
For he's one that we heare very well of;
And my ſonne here, has ſome occaſion to uſe him:
And therefore if we may know when 'tis,
We'le make bold to trouble you.

Will. Yes, Ile ſend you word.

Ploddall. Why then farewell, till we heare from you.

Exeunt Ploddall and his ſonne.

Will. Well *Clarke*, you'e ſee this matter bravely perform'd: let it be done as it ſhould be.

Clarke. Ile warrant ye, feare not.

Will. Why, then goe you to Sir *Iohn*, and Ile to my wench, and bid her give her Maydenhead warning to prepare it ſelfe; for the deſtruction of it is at hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lelia ſola.

Lelia. How Love and fortune both, with eager mood,
Like greedy Hounds, doe hunt my tyred heart,
Rowz'd forth the thickets of my wonted joyes:
And *Cupid* winds his ſhrill note Bugle horne,
For joy my ſilly heart ſo neere is ſpent:
Deſire, that eager Curre purſues the chaſe,
And fortune rides amaine unto the fall:
Now Sorrow ſings, and Mourning beares a part,
Playing harſh deſcant on my yeelding heart.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe, What newes?

Nurſe. Faith, a whole Sacke full of newes:
You love *Sophos*, and *Sophos* loves you;
And *Peter Ploddall* loves you, and you love not him;
And you love not Maſter *Cheams*, and he loves you.

And so her's love and no love;
And I love, and I love not,
And I cannot tell what:
But of all, and of all, *Master Churms* must be the man you must love.

Lelia. Nay, first Ile mount me on the winged wind,
And flee for succour to the farthest *Ind*.
Must I love Master *Churms*?

Nurse. Faith you must, and you must not.

Lelia. As how, I pray thee?

Nurse. Marry I have commendations to you.

Lelia. From whom?

Nurse. From your brother *Fortunatus*.

Lelia. My brother *Fortunatus*?

Nurse. No, from *Sophos*.

Lelia. From my Love?

Nurse. No, from neither.

Lelia. From neither?

Nurse. Yes from both.

Lelia. Prethee leave thy foolery, and let me know thy newes.

Nurse. Your brother *Fortunatus* and your Love, to morrow night will meet you by the Forrest side,
There to conferre about I know not what:
But 'tis like that *Sophos* will make you of his priuy counsell before you come againe.

Lelia. Is *Fortunatus* then returned from the warres?

Nurse. He is with *Sophos* every day,
But in any case you must not let your father know,
For he hath sworne he will not be descryed,
Untill he hath effected your desires,
For he swaggers, and sweares out of all cry,
That he will venture all,
Both fame, and blood, and limme, and life,
But *Lelia* shall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

Lelia. Alas, *Nurse*, my fathers jealous braine,
Doth scarce allow me once a moneth to goe,

Beyond

Beyond the compaſſe of his watchfull eyes,
Nor once afford me any conference,
With any man, except with Maſter *Churms*,
Whoſe crafty braine beguiles my father ſo,
That he repoſeth truth in none but him:
And though he ſeeke for favour at my hand,
He takes his marke amiſſe and ſhootes awry:
For I had rather ſee the Devill himſelfe,
Then *Churms* the Lawyer:
Therefore how I ſhould meet him by the Forreſt ſide,
I cannot poſſibly deviſe.

Nurſe. And Maſter *Churms* muſt bee the man muſt worke the meanes.
You muſt this night ſend for him:
Make him beleeve you love him mightily,
Tell him you have a ſecret friend dwells far away beyond the Forreſt:
To whom, if he can ſecretly convey you from your father,
Tell him you will love him better than ever God loved him:
And when you come to the place appointed,
Let them alone to diſcharge the knave of Clubs:
And that you muſt not faile,
Here receive this Ring which *Fortunatus* ſent you for a token:
This is the plot that you muſt proſecute.
And this from *Sophos* as his true loves pledge.

Lelia. This Ring my brother ſent, I know right well,
But this, my true Loves pledge, I more eſteeme
Then all the Golden mines the ſoyled earth containes:
And ſee, in happy time here comes Maſter *Churms*. *Enter Ch.*
Now Loue, and Fortune, both conſpire,
And ſort their drifts to compaſſe my deſire.
Maſter *Churms*, Y'are well met: I am glad to ſee you.

Churms. And I as glad to ſee faire *Lelia*,
As ever *Paris* was to ſee his deare:
For whom ſo many Trojans blood was ſpilt;
Nor thinke, I would doe leſſe then ſpend my deareſt blood,

To

To gaine faire *Lelias* love, although by losse of life.

Nurse. Faith Mistresse, he speakes like a Gentleman:
Let me perswade you,
Be not hard-hearted,
Sophos? Why, what's he?
If he had lov'd you but halfe so well, he would ha come through stone walles but hee would have come to you ere this.

Lelia. I must confesse I once lov'd *Sophos* well,
But now I cannot love him, whom all the world knowes to be a dissembler.

Charms. Ere I would wrong my love with one dayes absence,
I would passe the boyling *Hellespont*,
As once *Leander* did for *Heros* love:
Or undertake a greater taske then that,
Ere I would be disloyall to my love.
And if that *Lelia* give her free consent,
That both our loves may sympathize in one,
My hand, my heart, my love, my life, and all,
Shall ever tend on *Lelias* faire command.

Lelia. Master *Charms*, mee thinkes 'tis strange, you should make such a motion:
Say I shouldyeeld, and grant you love,
When most you should expect a sun-shine day,
My Fathers will would marre your hop't for hay:
And when you thought to reap the fruits of love,
His hard constraint, would blast it in the bloome:
For he so dotes on *Peter Ploddalls* pelfe,
That none but he forsooth must be the man:
And I will rather match my selfe
Unto a groome of *Plutos* griesly denne,
Then unto such a silly golden Asse.

Charms. Bravely resolved yfaith.

Lelia. But to be short:
I have a secret friend that dwells from hence,
Some two dayes journey, that's the most,

And if you can, (as we ill know you may,) convey mee thither secretly:
For company I desire no other then your owne:
Here take my hand:
That once perform'd my heart is next.

Charms. If on th'adventure all the dangers lay,
That *Europe*, or the Westerne world affords,
Were it to combat *Cerberus* himselfe,
Or scale the brazen walls of *Plutos* Court;
When as there is so faire a Prize propos'd.
If I shrinke backe, or leave it unperform'd,
Let the world Cannonize me for a Coward:
Appoint the time, and leave the rest to me.

Lelia. When nights blacke mantle over-spreads the sky,
And dayes bright Lampe is drenched in the West,
To morrow night, I thinke the fittest time,
That silent shade may give our safe convey,
Unto our wished hopes, unseene of living eye.

Charms. And at that time I will not faile,
In that, or ought that may avayle.

Nurse. But what if *Sophos* should meet you in the Forrest side;
And incounter you with his single Rapier?

Charms. *Sophos*? a hop of my thumbe, a wretch, a wretch:
Should *Sophos* meet us there accompanied with some Champion,
With whom 'twere any credit to encounter,
Were he as stout as *Hercules* himselfe,
Then would I buckle with them hand to hand,
And bandy blowes as thicke as hailestones fall,
And carry *Lelia* away, in spight of all their force.
What? Love will make Cowards fight;
Much more a man of my resolution.

Lelia. And on your resolution Ile depend, untill to morrow at th'appointed, when Ile looke for you:
Till when, Ile leave you and goe make preparation for our journey. *Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.*

Churms. Farewell faire Love, untill wee meet againe.
Why ſo: did I not tell you ſhee would bee glad to runne away with me at length?
Why this fals out, eene as a man would ſay, Thus I would have it.
But now I muſt caſt about for money too:
Let mee ſee: I have outlaw'd three or foure of *Gripes* debtors,
And I have the Bonds in mine owne hands:
The ſumme that is due to him, is ſome two or three hundred pounds,
Well, Ile to them: if I can but get one halfe,
Ile deliver them their bonds, and leave the other halfe to their owne conſciences; and ſo I ſhall be ſure to get money to beare my charges:
When all failes, well-fare a good wit.
But ſoft, no more of that:
Here comes Maſter *Gripe.*

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. What Maſter *Churms?* What all alone? how fares your body?

Churms. Faith ſir, reaſonable well: I am eene walking here to take the freſh ayre.

Gripe. 'Tis very holſome this faire weather:
But Maſter *Churms*, how like you my Daughter?
Can you doe any good on her? will ſhe be rul'd yet?
How ſtands ſhee affected to *Peter Bloddall?*

Churms. O very well ſir: I have made her very conformable.
O let me alone to perſwade a woman:
I hope you ſhall ſee her marryed within this weeke, at moſt,
I meane to my ſelfe. *He ſpeakes to himſelfe.*

Gripe. Maſter *Churms*, I am ſo exceedingly beholding to you,
I cannot tell how I ſhall require your kindneſſe,
But i'th meane time her's a brace of Angels for you to drinke for your paines.

This

This newes hath cene lightned my heart,
O sir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthy.
Come Master *Churms*, you shall goe home with me,
We'le have good cheere and be merry for this to night yfaith.
Churms. Well let them laugh that winne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pegge and her Grannam.

Pegge. Grannam, give me but two Crownes of red gold,
And Ile give you two pence of white silver,
If *Robin* the Devill bee not a Water-witch.
Mother Mid. Narry, Jesus blesse us: Why prethee?
Pegge. Marry, Ile tell you why:
Upon the morrow after the blessed New-yeere,
I came trip, trip, trip, over the market hill,
Holding up my Petticoate to the calves of my legges,
To shew my fine coloured stockings,
And how finely I could foote it in a paire of new cork't shooes
I had bought:
And there I espyed this *Momsire Mouse*, lye gaping up into the skies,
To know how many maydes would be with child in the Towne all the yeere after:
O 'tis a base vexation slave,
How the Country talkes of the large-rib'd varler.
Mother Mid. Marry out upon him: what a Friday-fac'd slave it is:
I thinke in my conscience, his face never keepes holiday.
Pegge. Why, his face can never be at quiet,
He has such a cholericke Nose,
I durst ha sworne by my maiden-head,
(God forgive me that I should take such an oath)
That if *William* had had such a nose, I should never ha loved him.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. What tattling is here of Noses?
Come *Pegge*, we are toward marriage; let us talke of that may doe us good; Grannam, what will you give us towards housekeeping?

Mother M. Why *William*, we are talking of *Robin-good-fellow*:
What thinke you of him?

Will. Marry I say, he lookes like a Tankard-bearer,
That dwells in Petticoat-lane, at the signe of the Mearemaid;
and I sweare by the blood of my Codpeece,
And I were a woman, I would lugge off his love eares,
Or run him to death with a spit: and for his face,
I thinke 'tis pitty, there is not a Law made,
That it should be felony to name it in any other place:
Than in bawdy-houses:
But Grannam, what will you give us?

Mother M. Marry I will give *Pegge* a Pot and a Pan,
Two Platters, a Dish, and a Spoone, a Dogge and a Cat; I trow
shee'le prove a good House-wife,
And love her husband well too.

Will. If she love me, Ile love her: yfaith my sweet honycombe, Ile love thee, *A per se A.*
We must be ask't in Church next Sunday, and weele be married presently.

Pegge. Yfaith *William* weele have a merry day on't.

Mother Mid. That we will yfaith *Pegge*: weele have a whole noyse of Fidlers there:
Come *Pegge*, let's hye us home, weele make a Bag-pudding to supper,
And *William* shall goe and sup with us.

Will. Come on yfaith. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fortunatus and Sophos.

Fort. Why how now *Sophos*, all a mort? still languishing in love?
Will not the presence of thy friend prevaile?
Nor hope expell these sullen fits?
Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged smile
From those sad drooping lookes of thine?
Rely on hope, whose hap will leed thee right
To her, whom thou dost call thy hearts delight:
Looke cheerely man, the time is neere at hand,
That *Hymen* mounted on a snow-white Coach,
Shall tend on *Sophos*, and his lovely Bride,

Sophos.

Sophos. 'Tis impoſſible: her Father, her Father,
He's all for *Peter Polddall.*

Fortunatus. Should I but ſee that *Ploddall* offer love:
This ſword ſhould pierce the peaſants breſt,
And chaſe his ſoule from of his accurſed corps,
By an unwonted way, unto the griſly lake.
But now the appointed time is neere,
That *Charms* ſhould come, with his ſuppoſed love:
Then ſit we down under theſe leavy ſhades. (*They ſit downe.*)
And wayte the time of *Lelias* wiſht approch.

Sophos. I, here Ile wayte for *Lelias* wiſht approch.
More wiſht to me, than is a calme at Seas
To ſhipwracke ſoules, when great God *Neptune* frownes.
Though ſad deſpaire hath almoſt drown'd my hopes;
Yet would I paſſe the burning vaults of *Orke*,
As erſt did *Hercules* to fetch his Love.
If I might meet my Love upon the ſtrond,
And but injoy her love one minute of an houre. *Enter Robin.*
But ſtay, what man or devill, or helliſh fiend, comes here,
Transformed in this ougly unquoth ſhape?

Fortu. O, peace a while, you ſhall ſee good ſport anon.

Robin. Now I am cloathed in this helliſh ſhape;
If I could meet with *Sophos* in theſe woods,
O, he would take me for the Devill himſelfe,
I ſhould ha good laughing, beſide the forty ſhillings *Peter Ploddall* has given me: and if I get no more, I am ſure of that,
But ſoft: now I muſt try my cunning, for here he fits.
The high commander of the damned ſoules,
Great *Dis*, the Duke of Devils, and Prince of *Limbo* lake,
High Regent of *Acheron*, *Styx*, and *Phlegeton*,
By ſtrict command from *Pluto* Hels great Monarch,
And faire *Proſerpina* the Queene of Hell,
By full conſent of all the damned Hagges,
And all the fiends that keepe the *Stygian* plaines,
Hath ſent me here from depth of under ground,
To ſummon the to appeare at *Plutos* Court.

Fortunatus. A man, or devill, or what ſo're thou art;

Ile try if blowes will drive thee downe to hell.
Belike thou art the Devils Parrator,
The baſeſt officer that lives in hell,
For ſuch thy words imports thee for to be:
'Tis pitty you ſhould come ſo farre without a fee:
And becauſe I know money goes low with *Sophos*,
Ile pay you your fees: *Hee beates him.*
Take that, and that, and that, upon thee.

Robin. O, good ſir, I beſeech you, Ile doe any thing.

Fortunatus. Then downe to hell, for ſure thou art a Devill.

Robin. O, hold your hands, I am not a Devill by my troth.

Fortunatus. Sounds doſt thou croſſe me? I ſay thou art a Devill. *Beats him againe.*

Robin. O Lord ſir, ſave my life: and Ile ſay as you ſay, Or any thing elſe you'le ha me doe.

Fortu. Then ſtand up, and make a preachment of thy pedigree, and how at the firſt thou learnd'ſt this deviliſh trade: Up I ſay. *Beates him.*

Robin. O, I will ſir: *Stands upon a ſtoole.*
Although in ſome places I beare the title of a ſpruy Gentleman:
By birth, I am a Boat-wrights ſonne of Hull,
My father got me of a refus'd Hagge,
Under the old ryines of *Boobies* barne;
Who as ſhe liv'd, at length ſhe likewiſe dyed,
And for her good deeds, went unto the Devill:
But hell, not wont to harbour ſuch a gueſt,
Her fellow Fiends doe daily make complaint,
Unto grim *Pluto*, and his Lady Queene,
Of her unruly miſ-behaviour:
Intreating that a Paſport might be drawne
For her to wander till the day of Doome
On earth againe, to vex the mindes of men,
And ſwore ſhe was the fitteſt Fiend in hell,
To drive men to deſperation.

To this intent, her Paſport then was drawne,
And in a whirle-wind forth of hell ſhe came;
Ore hills ſhe hurles, and ſcowres along the plaines:
The trees flew up by th'roots, the earth did quake for feare,
The houſes tumble downe; ſhe playes the Devill and all:
At length not finding any one ſo fit
To effect her deviliſh charge, as I:
She comes to me, as to her onely child,
And me her inſtrument in earth ſhe made;
And by that meanes, I learn'd that deviliſh trade,
Sophos. O monſtrous villaine!
Fortu. But tell me what's thy courſe of life?
And how thou ſhifteſt for maintainance in the world?
Robin. Faith ſir, I am in a manner a Promoter,
Or more fitly tearm'd a Promoting Knave,
I creepe into the preſence of great men,
And under colour of their friendſhips,
Effect ſuch wonders in the world,
That Babes will curſe me that are yet unborne,
Of the beſt men, I raiſe a common fame,
And honeſt women, rob of their good name,
Thus daily tumbling in comes all my drifs:
That I get beſt, is got but by a ſhift:
But the chiefe courſe of all my life,
Is to ſet diſcord betwixt man and wife,
Fortu. Out upon thee Caniball. *He beates him.*
Doſt thou thinke thou ſhalt ever come to heauen?
Robin. I little hope for heaven, or heavenly bliſſe:
But if in hell doth any place remaine,
Of more eſteeme than is another roome,
I hope as a gueridon for my juſt deſert,
To have it for my deteſtable acts.
Fortu. Wert not thy tongue condemnes thy guilty ſoule,
I could not thinke that on this living earth,
Did breathe a Villaine more audacious,
Goe, get thee gone, and come not in my walke: *Beates him.*
For if thou doſt, thou commeſt unto thy woe.

Robin.

Rob. The devill himselfe was never conjur'd so. (*Exit Rob*

Sophos. Sure he's no man, but an incarnate Devill,
Whose ougly shape bewrayes his monstrous mind.

Fortu. And if he be a devill, I am sure he's gone:
But *Churms* the Lawyer will be here anon,
And with him comes my sister *Lelia*:
'Tis he I am sure you looke for.

Sophos. Nay she it is that I expect so long.

Fortu. Then sit we downe untill we heare more newes:
This but a Prologue to our play ensues. *They sit downe.*

Enter Churms, and Lelia.

But see where *Churms* and *Lelia* comes along.
He walkes as stately as the great Baboone.
Sounds, he lookes as though his mother were a Midwife.

Sophos. Now gentle *Jove*, great Monarke of the world,
Grant good successe unto my wandring hopes.

Churms. Now *Phœbus* silver-eye is drencht in western deepe,
And *Luna* gins to shew her splendent rayes,
And all the harmelesse Quiresters of woods,
Doe take repose, save only *Philomell*.
Whose heavy tunes doe evermore record
With mornefull layes the losses of her love.
Thus farre faire Love, we passe in secret sort,
Beyond the compasse of thy fathers bounds.
Where he on downe-soft bed securely sleepes,
And not so much as dreame of our depart.
The danger's past, now thinke of nought but love,
Ile be thy deare, be thou my hearts delight.

Sophos. Nay first, Ile send thy soule to coale-blacke night.

Churms. Thou promis'dst love, now seale it with a kisse.

Fortunatus. Nay, soft sir, your marke's at the fairest,
Forsweare her love, and seale it with a kisse,
Upon the burnisht splendor of this blade,
Or it shall rip the intrals of thy peasant heart.

Sophos. Nay, let me doe it, that's my part.

Churms. You wrong me much to rob me of my Love.

Sophos. Avaunt base bragard, *Lelias* mine.

Churms.

Churms. Shee lately promis'd love to me.

Fortu. Peace, Night-raven, peace, Ile end this controverſie.
Come *Lelia*, ſtand betweene them both,
As equall Judge, to end the ſtrife:
Say which of theſe ſhall have thee to his wife:
I can deviſe no better way than this:
Now chuſe thy Love and greet him with a kiſſe.

Lelia. My choyce is made, and here it is. *She kiſſes Sophos.*

Sophos. See here the mirrour of true conſtancy:
Whoſe ſtedfaſt love deſerves a Princes worth.

Lelia. Maſter *Churms* are you not well?
I muſt confeſſe I would have choſen you,
But that I ne'r beheld your legges till now:
Truſt me, I never look't ſo low before.

Churms. I know you uſe to looke aloft.

Lelia. Yet not ſo high as your crowne.

Churmes, What if you had?

Lelia. Faith I ſhould have ſpied a Calves head.

Churms. Sounds, coozend of the Wench, and ſcoft too?
'Tis intolerable: and ſhall I loſe her thus?
How't mads mee, that I brought not my Sword and buckler with me!

Fortu. What, are you in your Sword and buckler termes?
Ile put you out of that humour:
There, *Lelia* ſends you that by me, *Beates him.*
And that to recompence your loves deſire:
And that, as payment for your well earn'd hire.
Goe, get thee gone, and boaſt of *Lelias* Love.

Churms. Where ere I goe, Ile leave with her my curſe,
And raile on you with ſpeeches vild.

Fortu. A crafty Knave was never ſo beguil'd,
Now *Sophos* hopes have had their lucky haps,
And he enjoyes the preſence of his Love,
My vow's perform'd, and I am full reveng'd
Upon this hel-bred brace of curſed Imps:
Now reſts nought but my Fathers face conſent,

To knit the knot that time can ne'r untwist.
And that, as this, I likewise will performe:
No sooner shall *Aurora's* pearled dew
Ore-spred the mantled earth with silver drops,
And *Phœbus* blesse the Orient with a blush,
To chase blacke night to his deformed Cell,
But Ile repaire unto my Fathers house,
And never cease with my inticing words,
To worke his will to knit this Gordian knot:
Till when, Ile leave you to your amorous chat:
Deare friend, adieu, faire sister too farewell,
Betake your selves unto some secret place,
Untill you heare from me how things fall out. *Exit Forn.*

Sophos. We both doe wish a fortunate good-night.

Lelia. And pray the Gods to guide thy steps aright.

Sophos. Now come faire *Lelia*, lets betake our selves
Unto a little Hermitage here by,
And there to live obscured from the world,
Till Fates, and Fortunes call us thence away,
To see the sun-shine of our Nuptiall day.
See how the twinkling starres doe hide their borrowed shine,
As halfe asham'd their lustre is so stain'd
By *Lelia's* beauteous eyes, that shine more bright
Than twinkling starres doe in a Winters night:
In such a night did *Paris* win his Love.

Lelia. In such a night *Æneas* prov'd unkind.

Sophos. In such a night, did *Troylus* court his deare.

Lelia. In such a night faire *Phillis* was betraid.

Sophos. Ile prove as true as ever *Troylus* was.

Lelia. And I as constant as *Penelope*.

Sophos. Than let us solace, and in loves delight,
And sweet imbracings spend the live-long night:
And whilst love mounts her, on her wanton wings,
Let Descant run on Musicks silver strings. *Exeunt.*

A Song.

A SONG.

1

OLd Tithon *must forsake his deare,*
The Larke doe chaunt her chearefull lay;
Aurora *smiles with merry cheere,*
To welcome in a happy day.

2

The Beasts doe skippe,
The sweet Birds sing:
The Wood-Nymphs dance,
The Eccheos ring.

3

The hollow Caves with joy resounds,
And Pleasure every where abounds:
The Graces linking hand in hand,
In Love have knit a glorious band.

Enter Robin-good-fellow, and old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Heare you Master *Good-fellow*, how have you sped?

Peter. Ha you playd the Devill bravely, and scar'd the Scholler out on's wits?

Robin. A pox of the Scholler.

Ploddall. Nay, harke you, I sent you vorty shillings, and you shall have the Cheese I promis'd you too.

Robin. A plague of the vorty shillings and the cheese too.

Peter. Heare you, will you give me the powder you told me of?

Robin. How you vex me! powder quotha? Sounds, I ha beene powder'd.

Ploddall. Sonne, I doubt he will prove a craftie knave, and coozen us of our money:

Weele goe to maſter Juſtice and complaine on him, and get him whipt out oth Country for a Connicatcher.

Peter. I, or have his eares nayld to the Pillory:
Come let's goe. *Exeunt Ploddall and his ſonne.*

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, what newes, how goes the world?

Robin. Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how:
How ſped you with your Wench?

Churms. I would the wench were at the Devill:
A plague upon't, I never ſay my prayers,
And that makes me have ſuch ill lucke.

Robin. I thinke the Scholler be-hanted me with ſome Demy-devill.

Churms. Why, didſt thou fray him?

Robin. Fray him? a vengance on't, all our ſhifting knaveri's knowne:
We are counted very vagrants,
Sounds, I am afraid of every Officer for whipping.

Churms. We are horribly hanted: our behaviour is ſo beaſtly, that wee are growne lothſome; our craft get us nought but knocks.

Robin. What courſe ſhall we take now?

Churms. Faith, I cannot tell: let's keene run out Country,
For here's no ſtaying for us.

Robin. Faith agreed, let's goe into ſome place where we are not known, and there ſet up the art of knavery with the ſecond edition. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe ſolus.

Gripe. Every one tells me I looke better than I was wont,
My heart's lightned, my ſpirits are revived:
Why, me thinkes I am young againe;
It joyes my heart, that this ſame peevish girle my daughter will be rul'd at the laſt yet:
But I ſhall never be able to make Maſter *Churms* amends for the great paines he hath taken.

Enter

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Maſter, now out upon's, well-aday, we are all undone.

Gripe. Undone! What ſodaine accident hath chanced? Speake, What's the matter?

Nurſe. Alas, that ever I was borne! My Miſtreſſe and M. *Charms* are run away together.

Gripe. 'Tis not poſſible; ne'r tell me: I dare truſt Maſter *Charms* with a greater matter than that.

Nurſe. Faith you muſt truſt him whether you will or no, For he's gone.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. M. *Gripe*, I was comming to deſire that I might have your abſence at my wedding: for I heare ſay you are very liberall growne alate:
For I ſpake with three or foure of your debtors this morning, that ought you a hundred pound apeece,
And they told me that you ſent M. *Charms* to them, and tooke of ſome ten pounds,
And of ſome twenty, and delivered them their bonds,
And bade them pay the reſt when they were able.

Gripe. I am undone, I am robd, my daughter, my money! Which way are they gone?

Will. Faith ſir, 'its all to nothing, but your daughter and M. *Charms* are gone both one way:
Marry, your money flyes ſome one way, and ſome another: And therefore 'tis but a folly to make hue and cry after it.

Gripe. Follow them, make hue and cry after them. My daughter, my money, all's gone, what ſhall I doe?

Will. Faith if you will be rul'd by me,
Ile tell you what you ſhall doe:
(Marke what I ſay) for Ile teach you the way to come to Heaven, if you ſtumble not:
Give all you have to the poore, but one ſingle penny;
And with that penny, buy you a good ſtrong halter,
And when you have done ſo, come to me, and Ile tell you what you ſhall doe with it.

Gripe. Bring mee my daughter, that *Churms* that villaine,
Ile teare him with my teeth.

Nurſe. Maſter, nay doe not run mad,
Ile tell you good newes:
My young Maſter *Fortunatus* is come home:
And ſee where he comes.

Enter Fortunatus.

Gripe. If thou hadſt ſaid *Lelia*, it had beene ſome thing:

Fortu. Thus *Fortunatus* greetes his father,
And craves his Bleſſing on his bended knee.

Gripe. I, here's my Sonne: but *Lelia* ſhe'le not come;
Good *Fortunatus* riſe, wilt thou ſhed teares,
And helpe thy Father mone?
If ſo, ſay I: if not, good Sonne be gone.

Fortunatus. What moves my Father to theſe uncouth fits?

Will. Faith ſir, he's almoſt mad: I thinke hee cannot tell you:
And therefore I preſuming ſir, that my wits are ſomething better than his at this time, (doe you marke ſir?)
Out of the profound circumambulation of my ſupernaturall wit, ſir (doe you underſtand?)
Will tell you the whole ſuperfluity of the matter, ſir:
Your ſiſter *Lelia* ſir, you know is a woman,
As another woman is, ſir.

Fortu. Well, and what of that?

Will. Nay, nothing ſir, but ſhe fell in love with one *Sophus*, a very proper wiſe young man, ſir:
Now ſir, your Father would not let her have him, ſir:
But would have marryed her to one, ſir,
That would have fed her with nothing but Barly Bagpuddings and fat Bacon.
Now ſir, to tell you the truth,
The foole (yee know) has fortune to Land: But Miſtreſſe *Lelias* mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet.

Fortu. And how then?

Will. Marry then there was a certaine cracking, cogging, pettifogging, Butter-milke ſlave ſir, one *Churms* ſir, that

is

is the very quinteſſence of all the Knaves in the bunch;
And if the beſt man of all his kin had beene but ſo good as a Yeomans ſonne,
He ſhould have beene a markt knave by Letters patents,
And hee ſir, comes mee ſneaking, and coozens them both of their wench, and is run away with her:
And ſir, belike hee has coozend your father here of a great deale of his money too.

Nurſe. Sir, your father did truſt him but too much;
But I alwayes thought he would prove a crafty Knave.

Gripe. My truſt's betray'd, my joyes exil'd.
Griefe kils the heart, my hopes beguil'd.

Fortu. Where golden gaine doth bleare a Fathers eyes,
That precious Pearle fetcht from *Parnaſſus* mount
Is counted refuſe, worſe than *Bullen* Braſſe:
Both joyes and hopes hang on a ſilly twine,
That ſtill is ſubject unto flitting time,
That turnes joy into griefe, and hope to ſad deſpaire,
And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care.
Were I the richeſt Monarch under heaven,
And had one Daughter thrice as faire
As was the Grecian *Menelaus* wife,
Ere I would match her to an untaught ſwaine,
Though one whoſe wealth exceeded *Cræſus* ſtore,
Her ſelfe ſhould chooſe and I applaud her choyce,
Of one more poore than ever *Sopos* was,
Were his deſerts, but equall unto his.
If I might ſpeake without offence;
You were to blame to hinder *Lelias* choyce.
As ſhe in natures graces doth excell,
So doth *Minerva* grace him full as well.

Nurſe. Now, by Cocke and Pie, you never ſpake a truer word in your life, he's a very kind Gentleman:
For laſt time he was at our houſe, he gave me three-pence.

Will. O nobly ſpoken: God ſend *Peggi* to prove as wiſe a woman as her mother, and then wee ſhall bee ſure to have wiſe children.

Nay

Nay if he be ſo liberall, old Grandſire, you ſhall give him the good-will of your Daughter.

Gripe. Shee is not mine, I have no Daughter now.
That I ſhould ſay I had, thence comes my griefe:
My care of *Lelia*, paſt Fathers love:
My love of *Lelia*, makes my loſſe the more:
My loſſe of *Lelia*, drownes my heart in woe:
My hearts woe, makes this life a living death,
Care, Love, Loſſe, Hearts-woe, Living-death,
Joyne all in one, to ſtop this vitall breath.
Curſt be the time I gap'd for golden gaine,
I curſe that time, I croſt her in her choice:
Her choice was vertuous, but my will was baſe,
I ſought to grace her from the Indian mines,
But ſhe ſought honour from the ſtarry Mount:
What franticke fit poſſeſt my fooliſh braine?
What furious fancy fired ſo my heart,
To hate faire vertue, and to ſcorne deſert?

Fortunatus. Then Father, give Deſert his due,
Let Natures graces and faire Vertues gifts,
One ſympathy and happy comfort make,
Twixt *Sophos* and my ſiſter *Lelias* love:
Conjoyne their hands, whoſe hearts have long beene one,
And ſo conclude a happy union.

Gripe. Now 'tis too late:
What Fates decree, can never be recall'd:
Her luckleſſe love is fallen to *Charms* his lot,
And he uſurpes faire *Lelias* nuptiall bed.

Fortunatus. That cannot be, feare of purſuit muſt needs prolong his nuptiall rights:
But if you give your full conſent,
That *Sophos* may enjoy his long wiſht Love,
And have faire *Lelia* to his lovely Bride,
Ile follow *Charms* what ere betide;
Ile be as ſwift as the light-foot Roe,
And over-take him ere his journeyes end,
And bring faire *Lelia* backe unto my friend.

Gripe.

Gripe. I, here's my hand; I doe consent,
And thinke her happy, in her happy choyce:
Yet halfe fore-judge my hopes will be deceiv'd.
But *Fortunatus*, I must needs commend
Thy constant mind thou bearst unto thy friend,
The after-Ages wondring at the same,
Shall say, 'Tis a deed deserveth lasting fame.

Fortunatus. Then rest you here till I returne againe,
Ile goe to *Sophos* ere I goe along,
And bring him here to keepe you company:
perhaps he hath some skill in hidden Arts
Of Planets course, or secret Magicke spells,
To know where *Lelia* and that Fox lyes hid,
Whose craft so cunningly convey'd her hence. *Exit Fortu.*

Gripe. I, here Ile rest an houre or twaine,
Till *Fortunatus* doe returne againe.

Will. Faith sir, this same *Churms* is a very scurvy Lawyer, for once I put a case to him: and mee thought his Law was not worth a Pudding.

Gripe. Why, what was your case;

Will. Marry sir, my case was a Gooses case?
For my dog wearyed my neighbours Sow, and the Sow dyed.

Nurse. And hee sued you upon wilfull murder?

Will. No, but he went to law with me, and would make me either pay for his Sow, or hang my Dog:
Now sir, to the same Retourner I went.

Nurse. To begge a pardon for your dog?

Will. No, but to have some of his wit for my money:
I gave him his fee, and promis'd him a Goose beside, for his Counsell.
Now sir, his counsell was to deny all was askt mee,
And to crave a longer time to answer,
Though I knew the case was plaine;
So sir, I take his counsell: and alwayes when hee sends to mee for his Goose, I deny it, and crave a longer time to answer.

Nurſe. And ſo the Caſe was yours, and the Gooſe was his:
And ſo it came to be a Gooſes caſe.

Will. True but now wee are talking of Geeſe,
See where *Pegge*, and my Grannam *Midnight* comes.

Enter Mother-Midnight and Pegge.

Mother Mid. Come *Pegge*, beſtir your ſtumps: make thy ſelfe ſmugge, wench; thou muſt be marryed to morrow:
Lets goe ſeeke thy ſweet-heart,
To prepare all things in readineſſe.

Pegge. Why Grannam, looke where hee is.

Will. Ha my ſweet Traililly, I thought thou couldſt ſpy me amongſt a hundred honeſt men;
A man may ſee that Love will creepe where it cannot goe.
Ha my ſweet and too ſweet: ſhall I ſay the tother ſweet?

Pegge. I, ſay it and ſpare not.

Will. Nay, I will not ſay I will ſing it.

Thou art mine owne ſweet heart,
From thee Ile never depart:
Thou art my Ciperlilly,
And I thy Trang-didowne-dilly,
And ſing Hey ding a ding,
And when 'tis downe, not miſſe,
To give my Wench a kiſſe:
And then dance Canſt thou not hit it:
Ho brave William Cricket!
How like you this Grannam?

Mother Mid. Marry Gods beniſon light oth thy good heart fort:
Ha that I were young againe!
Yfaith I was an old doer at theſe Long-ſongs, when I was a Girle.

Nurſe. Now by the Mary mattens, *Pegge*, thou haſt got the merrieſt wooer in all Women-ſhire.

Pegge. Faith I am none of thoſe that love nothing but Tum dum diddle.

If hee had not beene a merry ſhaver, I would never have had him.

Will. But come my nimble Laſſe, let all theſe matters paſſe,
And in a bouncing bravation, lets talke of our copulation:
What good cheere ſhall wee have to morrow?
Old Grandſire Thick-skin, you that ſit there as melancholly as a mantletree, what will you give us toward this merry meeting?

Gripe. Marry, becauſe you told mee a merry Gooſes eaſe, Ile beſtow a fat Gooſe on you; and God give you lucke.

Mother Mid. Marry well ſaid old Maſter: eene God give them joy indeed, for by my vay, they are a good ſweet young couple.

Will. Grannam, ſtand out o'th way, for here come Gentlefolke will run ore you elſe.

Enter Fortunatus, Sophos and Lelia.

Nurſe. Maſter, here comes your Sonne againe.

Gripe. Is *Fortunatus* there?
Welcome *Fortunatus*; wher's *Sophos*?

Fortu. Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worne with love,
As you with griefe for loſſe of *Lelia*.

Sophos. And ten times more, if it be poſſible.
The love of *Lelia* is to mee more deare,
Than is a Kingdome, or the richeſt Crowne
That ere adorn'd the temples of a King.

Gripe. Then welcome *Sophos*, thrice more welcome now,
Than any man on earth, to me or mine.
It is not now with mee as late it was,
I lowr'd at Learning and at Vertue ſpurn'd:
But now my heart and minde, and all is turn'd.
Were *Lelia* here, I ſoone would knit the knot
Twixt her and thee, that time could ne'r untye,
Till fatall Siſters victory had won,
And that your glaſſe of life were quite out-run.

Will. Sounds, I thinke hee be ſpurblind. Why *Lelia* ſtands hard by him.

Lelia.

Lelia. And *Lelia* here falls prostrate on her knee,
And craves a pardon for her late offence.

Gripe. What, *Lelia* my Daughter? stand up Wench:
Why now my joy is full:
My heart is lightned of all sad annoy,
Now farewell griefe, and welcome home my joy.
Here, *Sophos*, take thy *Lelias* hand:
Great God of Heaven your hearts combine,
In vertues lore to raise a happy Line.

Sophos. Now *Phaeton* hath checkt his fiery Steeds,
And quencht these burning beames that late were wont
To melt my waxen wings, when as I soar'd aloft;
And lovely *Venus* smiles, with faire aspect
Upon the Spring-time of our sacred love:
Thou great Commander of the circled Orbs,
Grant that this League of lasting amity,
May lye recorded by Eternity.

Lelia. Then wisht content knit up our Nuptiall right:
And future joyes, our former griefes requite.

Will. Nay, and you be good at that, Ile tell you what we'le doe;
Pegge and I must be marryed to morrow; and if you will,
We'le all goe to Church together, and so save sir *John* a labour.

All. Agreed.

Fortu. Then march along, and let's be gone,
To solemnize two marriages in one. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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